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A Nasty Dose of Medicine

THE feverish manoeuvres which preceded the Labour Party's vote against German rearmament resulted in a triumph for the Left. After no fewer than seven discussions "upstairs," the Parliamentary party gave Mr. Dalton and Mr. Bevan a 4—1 majority against Mr. Morrison's plea not to break bi-partisanship. In the lobbies, the deliberate abstentions were not more than fifteen. This was the culmination of a gradual shift in the balance of power within the Party which has been proceeding since the resignation of Mr. Bevan. A year ago the three ex-Ministers and their friends formed a small dissenting faction. It was not till the vote of the Constituency parties at the Scarborough Conference that their popularity among the rank-and-file delegates was revealed. But this strength was not reflected in the Parliamentary Party which returned to Westminster after the general election. Here they remained a minority, even as late as last Spring.

Since then, the tide has flowed rapidly in their favour. The three issues on which their opponents fought—the Defence Estimates, German rearmament and Party discipline—were singularly ill chosen. On the first two, most Socialist M.P.s now accept Mr. Bevan's views, however much they resent his methods. As for the tactic of making the decisions of the Party meeting binding, the anti-Bevanites have been hoist with their own petard. This, no doubt, explains the recent speeches of Mr. Stokes and Mr. George Brown and the campaign which started last Saturday in the *News Chronicle*. The Bevanites, we are told, have become "a Party within a Party"; their devious methods of organisation and conspiracy (which must now be revealed to an unwitting world) have as their object the overthrow of the official leadership and the capture of all power in the Party for themselves.

This campaign bears all the marks of careful preparation and will probably become the official line at Morecambe. Yet it has little relation with the facts. The Bevanite revolt has been neither secret nor conspiratorial; on the contrary, it has been conducted in the fullest glare of press publicity. No doubt Mr. Bevan has regularly consulted some of his colleagues, and his lieutenants may well have canvassed for votes in the Parliamentary Party. But it is only silly to describe such activities as a conspiracy, and it is difficult to believe that Mr. Morrison has not taken similar steps to win support for his point of view. The real crime of the Bevanites is not that they are an organised group, but that they are successful. They have succeeded, as the Left Wing has never in the past succeeded, in surviving the attacks of the Party machine long enough to persuade a substantial number of Socialists to accept their views. They are a minority which threatens to become a majority—if they are not one already.

In the minds of the delegates at Morecambe the most damaging charge levelled against Mr. Bevan will be that he is challenging Mr. Attlee in a personal bid for power. We do not doubt that this charge is sincerely made, but we believe it to be unfounded. Mr. Bevan is trying to pull the Labour Party back from the disastrous position into which it drifted during the last months of the Labour Government. If Labour is to be fit to rule again and to introduce the second phase of Socialism, it must rid itself of a good many of the policies and commitments assumed in this unhappy period. Once this has been achieved—once the balance, tilted so far to the Right has been redressed—Bevanism will disappear as rapidly as it emerged. No Bevanite, for instance, doubts that the next Labour Government will be led by Mr. Attlee and include Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell. But there are still quite a number of anti-Bevanite fanatics in Transport House, in the T.U.C. and on the Party's Parliamentary Committee who regard the Left as a "foreign body" to be smashed or expelled. What is needed is a realistic understanding on the part of the official leadership that a healthy Socialist party needs both the cautious expertise of the Right Wing and the vigour of the Left. At the very least Mr. Morrison's friends must stop accusing Mr. Attlee of "weakness," and recognise with him the need for accepting Bevanism as a nasty dose of medicine which Labour requires, if it is to remain Socialist.

London and German Rearmament

The Labour Party's vote against the ratification of the German Contractual Agreements had much more than domestic significance. At the end of the two-day Commons debate, Mr. Eden, in a skilful appeal to Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison, stressed that it will greatly strengthen all those forces in Western Europe which are opposed to German rearmament. Mr. Eden, of course, was quite right, but he failed to see that this was the precise reason why the vast majority of Socialist M.P.s was determined to go into the Lobby against ratification. This vote, which ends British bi-partisanship and puts the Labour Party alongside the German Socialists, will make it a good deal more difficult for the Americans to railroad the European Defence Community through the Bundestag. But it is a brake applied at the last minute to a machine which is well under way. All the West European Governments are already deeply committed to the European Defence Community, and their domestic budgets now depend on the annual whims of Congress in appropriating funds for Military Aid. So it would be foolish to count on the resistance of French and German opinion to do more than delay ratification.

On the other hand, it will be a long step to the actual creation of the twelve German divisions. Even if the treaties are through by November, nothing material will emerge from them for the next eight months. We have at least a year, therefore, before the partition of Germany and the creation of the East and West German armies can transform Europe into a vaster and more terrible Korea. If this year is to be used in order to seek a resumption of Four Power talks, it is essential that the Labour Party should concert with its European colleagues constructive proposals which could form the basis for negotiation.

Pacific Defence Talks

The Three-Power Pacific talks in Honolulu this week are the first meeting of A.N.Z.U.S., which was established when the Japanese Peace Treaty was signed last September. Indeed, A.N.Z.U.S. was complimentary to the Treaty, since Australia and New Zealand would have been unlikely to support the rearmament of Japan, unless they obtained strategic safeguards which America alone was in a position to guarantee. This Three-Power Security Treaty, combined with a Mutual Defence Treaty between the U.S.A. and the Philippines and the Treaty with Japan, forms a skeleton framework similar to that of N.A.T.O. and the R.I.O. Agreement for Latin America. Some countries would like to see the Pacific defence agreements as tightly woven as the others; and, no doubt, a quartet of reliable allies could be found in Bao Dai, Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee and Pibul Songgram. But Mr. Acheson is unlikely to throw his security net as widely as this: he is more likely to suggest a loosely constructed committee to confer rather than to concoct strategic blue-prints. He has, for example, to consider the position of the Commonwealth. Mr. Churchill is reported to have indicated his desire to be represented because of British interests in South-East Asia. By the same token the claims of France, Holland and Portugal might also be considered. But there are snags to this conception of an American defence umbrella sheltering the entire non-Communist world. To begin with, Canadian support is extremely doubtful; Mr. Lester Pearson in a recent foreign policy debate said that any Pacific Pact similar to N.A.T.O. would be premature and lead to instability.

Two American voices reflect the deeper issues which are involved; "Until we realise fully that in the vast area which runs from Moscow to Indonesia," Walter Lippmann wrote, "problems are not primarily and principally military, we shall not even begin to solve our problems." James Warburg estimated, shrewdly, that neither India nor Indonesia would be likely to join such a Pact, which, whatever its appeal, does not coincide with the aims of Asian nationalism. This point has been underlined recently by Pandit Nehru, by U. Nu, who repeated the Burmese Government's policy of strict neutrality and its willingness to take assistance from the Soviet Union and China as they have done from the U.S., and by several Indonesian spokesmen.

Sir Walter and the Wages Council

Sir Walter Monckton scored a considerable diplomatic victory last week by persuading the Economic Committee of the T.U.C. to acquiesce in his reference back to the wages councils of the distributive workers' wage increases. He seems to have satisfied the Committee that the economic situation justified the exercise of his statutory power, and that reference back did not imply "the intention of interfering with any of the functions of the wages councils, including that of submitting proposals for fixing the remuneration of workers, or of undermining their authority." This verbal face-saver is a tribute to the personal esteem in which Sir Walter is held: whether it is anything more, will depend on events. A million and a half workers have been deprived of a badly needed wage increase, at least for the time being. The first of the wages councils to consider the new situation met last Wednesday and decided, against the protests of the employers, to resubmit its original proposals. The others are meeting in the near future. If they decide on the same course and if the Minister is prompt to make the necessary confirming orders, all may be well. But if there is delay or if the employers become really tough, the Ministry will face a situation which the "statesmanship" of the T.U.C. may be unable to control. The employers may be chastened by their defeat on Wednesday. But, having been reprieved by the Minister *ex machina*, they will surely try to take advantage of their stroke of luck; and they may be emboldened by the action of the Engineering and Allied Employers Federation, which, following the example of the N.C.B. and the Railway Executive, has flatly rejected the engineers' claim for an extra £2 a week. The fact is that the wages situation is hardening all round as the employers mobilise themselves, with Government blessing, to take advantage of a situation in which employment looks much less secure than a year ago.

Non-Whites Resist in South Africa

On June 26, several thousand African, Indian and Coloured people in South Africa voluntarily opened a Union-wide campaign of passive resistance to unjust laws. Forecasts of what would happen in this campaign had ranged from the sneering certitude of total failure—"the Africans can't organise"—to sombre prophesies of mass violence and bloodshed. In the event, the campaign is running to neither extreme. By last week, upwards of a thousand non-White volunteers had been taken to gaol for breaking discriminatory laws—for riding in "White" compartments on the railway, for entering doors marked "For Europeans Only," for sitting on forbidden benches in parks, or, more usually, simply for refusing to carry passes. They have committed no acts of violence, nor threatened any: and they have shown their powers of organisation both in the number of volunteers, in their discipline, and in their ability to demonstrate in force without giving the police any grounds for crying havoc. The prisons, meanwhile are steadily filling up, making the legal congestion in the magistrates' courts worse than ever; and fines are not being paid.

The world, as well as White South Africa, should take note of this remarkable campaign. What is happening, clearly enough, is that the three principal non-White communities—numbering some four-fifths of the population of the Union—are taking the measure of their united strength. They are learning to use their power of numbers, and to use it intelligently. So far, they are not using it at more than a fraction of its possible strength. But what a few thousands can do to-day, a few tens of thousands can very well do to-morrow: when that happens, the Whites of South Africa will be forced at last to make their choice—either to bring down their world in chaos, or to concede to their non-White fellow-countrymen the elementary rights and privileges of human beings.

The Decline of the Wafd

General Neguib's assurance that he desires to keep the Army out of Egyptian politics may well have been sincere. But it is already clear that it will not be fulfilled. The talk about a return to Parliamentary government—which would, of course, have meant a return of the Wafd to power—has suddenly stopped. Instead a Regency Council has been established without a representative of the Wafd; and despite the hurried purge which Nahas Pasha and Serag el Din are carrying out, it is clear that their party has suffered a devastating blow. The Army—and the Moslem Brotherhood which stands behind it—not only hold all the effective power; they have captured from the Wafd the leadership of the popular movement for national liberation and social reform.

What this means in terms of Anglo-Egyptian relations, one can only guess. The British Ambassador has been in almost daily consultation with the Prime Minister; and it is just possible that General Neguib, who really cares about the Egyptian army, will be readier than any Wafdist politician to consider a settlement which will enable it to be trained and equipped by the British and financed by the Americans. But any agreement tolerable to the Moslem Brotherhood must contain substantial British concessions. If

we are to stand firm on the Sudan, we must be prepared to make the evacuation of Suez more than a form of words. Mr. Eden has the first real opportunity to reach an agreement with Egypt since 1946. We can only hope that the Foreign Office at long last has learnt not to underestimate the fanatical strength of Middle Eastern nationalism.

WESTMINSTER

A Bang, not a Whimper

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The internal feud in the Labour Party reached the flash point of explosion in the last hours before Parliament rose for the summer recess. And in a way it was unexpected. For the earlier events of the week seemed likely to stampede the Opposition into unity. Mr. Churchill's announcement of the shift in the priority of arms and exports, and the decision to sell our latest military equipment to the Americans and Belgians, was the perfect *reductio ad absurdum* of the orthodox Labour attitude to rearmament. That controversy at least, one felt, was settled; admittedly in Mr. Bevan's favour, but since it was a Tory Government which struck its colours, settled with the minimum humiliation to the Labour front bench. Labour's decision to vote against the ratification of the Bonn Agreements also seemed to mark the end of a long and bitter dispute. Again the decision went Mr. Bevan's way. But this cause has never been exclusively Bevanite, and, in any case, the eventual majority was so overwhelming that, once it had been taken, the recalcitrant minority, though containing some impressive names, might have been considered little more than a fractious rump. It was a fair guess on Wednesday morning that Labour, having changed course to the satisfaction of most of the crew, was sailing into calmer waters.

Then came Mr. Bevan's speech in the economic debate. It can scarcely be denied that Mr. Bevan was entitled to say, "I told you so"; and he did, rehearsing his resignation arguments forcefully but, as Hansard records, without undue malice. It was not, however, one of his great speeches: and his claim to have been personally responsible for the provisos, with which 18 months ago Mr. Attlee had hedged around the arms programme, infuriated his opponents almost beyond endurance. Even then, Mr. Attlee's action the following day in publicly rebuking him for betraying Cabinet confidences took everybody by surprise. This was a risky manœuvre, clumsily executed; and on Friday Mr. Bevan, rising to a considerable Parliamentary occasion, gave a good deal more than he got. The precedent on which he rested his defence was exactly apposite and convinced most Members, not only that he had the better of the exchange, but that, by insisting on the rights of a resigning Minister to cite both the nature and the course of his disagreement, he had struck an important blow for the rights of Parliament against Downing Street.

The significance of Mr. Attlee's action probably lies deeper than a flash of temper on a matter of constitutional propriety. There are signs of a full-scale campaign against the Bevanites, carefully prepared and timed for the Parliamentary recess. Its object is to discredit Mr. Bevan personally, and his intimate followers: it is being propagated by speech, by whisper and with the collaboration of the anti-Socialist press. Its theme is that the Bevanites, by being "a party within a party," are secretly conspiring to capture the seats of power by palace revolution. This the Bevanites indignantly deny, adding with some force that the charge against them hitherto has been that their methods of controversy are too public for comfort. But the campaign is being pressed and may have some effect in the weeks between now and the Party conference. It seems to be a desperate fling by a minority which seeks, not to find an accommodation between Right and Left, but to drive the Left out of the Party. Mr. Attlee may regret having given the appearance, even unwittingly, of supporting this campaign. He has always favoured a reunion rather than a purge; and he probably knows that some of those, who are now witch-hunting the Bevanites for conspiracy, themselves conspired to depose him from the Premiership in 1947. There are signs that to-day he is still the second on their list.

PARIS

The Bey's "Crown Council"

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Tunisian Bey threatens to become an uncrackable nut. Since M. Schuman's proposed reforms were, in fact, a rejection of the Tunisian demand for representative government, the Bey has decided to form an unofficial "crown council" of 42, and a Commission of 12. Whatever one may think of the strictly legal status of these bodies, they are certainly more representative of Tunisian opinion than the "pashas" of M. Baccouche's government. The 42 "crown councillors" are to give their views on the reforms to the Commission, and it is expected that, after rejecting the French proposals, they will draw up counter-proposals more in keeping with the offers of M. Chenik of last October and with the Mitterand proposals of last January.

Paris has announced that it will not accept any modification of the reforms it has submitted to Tunisia, and M. Binoche, a high official of the Quai d'Orsay, has been rushed to Tunis "to impress upon the Bey the French point of view." But it looks as if the Tunisians are determined to be increasingly obstructive of any French attempt to introduce enough mild reforms to give France a case at the U.N. The French now have the unpleasant choice between negotiating with a Bey, who has given himself an aura of "democratic authority," and reverting to the strong manner.

French Left-wing opinion would favour the former; but the French Government, besides being unwilling to give up anything under duress, has to consider the strident cries of "No surrender" coming from the French *colons* and *fonctionnaires* on the spot. Meanwhile, the awkward position in which the French find themselves is encouraging in the Tunisians a fight-to-the-finish mood, rather than a spirit of compromise. According to a French agency report, many of the French *colons*, while not yet abandoning their estates, are already preparing their line of retreat, and are buying up properties in the South of France—a curious reflection on the state of the world when one considers that many of the more nervous people in France, fearing a Soviet invasion, hastened two or three years ago to buy property in Morocco at fancy prices.

Candidates and Friends

Six months ago, both General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson were insisting that they were not seeking nomination this year. The one awaited a "clear call to duty" before he would give his consent: the other was reluctant to respond even to a genuine "draft." But both have been chosen. Eisenhower heard his "call" after the most bitter factional fight that the Republicans have known since 1912, and after all the resources of the Dewey machine had been used ruthlessly to destroy the ambitions of Senator Taft. Stevenson's "draft" came from a bare majority on the third ballot, scraped together by an alliance of the moderate South and the city machines of the North. This is no disparagement of the merits of either man. For once, the mills of the party conventions have ground out two candidates of standing and ability.

There are narrow limits to the power of a candidate. Just as his party needs him to present an attractive façade to the electorate, so he needs the party machine to deliver the votes on November 4. Eisenhower must count on the active support of many party workers whose loyalty has been severely tried by the fracas at Chicago, and whose support will be given much more because he seems likely to win valuable independent votes than because they believe him to be a reliable champion of the Republican cause. Stevenson is without question a liberal, moderate and independent, neither a radical Fair Dealer, nor a tool of the South, nor the creature of the corrupt party organisations in the big cities. But he will need all three groups to beat Eisenhower, and each has its price. For this reason, however lofty the plane on which the two protagonists may personally meet in this contest, the general pattern of the campaign is likely to follow the lines laid down since 1932.

The purpose in choosing Eisenhower and Stevenson was not so much because the parties wanted change as because the parties believed that the voters want it. This belief has at least led to the selection of two decent and honourable men, rather than tired party hacks, and it may lead in the end to a genuine change. But there has been no real shift as yet in the balance of strength within each party, or in their essential character. In offering the electorate Eisenhower, the Republicans are offering it reaction with a trimming of gold braid and glamour. And in picking Stevenson, the Democrats have fallen back on the Roosevelt formula for party unity and electoral success—city machines plus the South plus liberalism—while shedding some of the gaucherie and some of the more shady associations of the Truman regime.

In assessing the prospects for November, therefore, it is not enough to weigh the virtues of one candidate against the other: their friends and associates must also be cast into the balance. This simple fact has been overlooked by those who relaxed after Eisenhower and Stevenson had been chosen, confident that whichever man enters the White House next January, there will be no substantial change in U.S. policy towards Europe. That confidence is misplaced. Quite apart from the domestic consequences of the election—and these could make a considerable if indirect impact on U.S. foreign policy—there is a vital difference between the rival candidates, which has very little to do with their personal views or intentions. And that difference is that Eisenhower's victory would carry with it a very

real danger of a Republican sweep of both House and Senate.

A triumph of this kind will certainly mean endless frustration for Eisenhower, if he attempts to maintain the foreign policy for which he declares he stands, even if it did not mean his total defeat on Capitol Hill. For a Republican Congress means a Congress controlled by the Old Guard, and specifically by Senator Taft. The most vital Committee positions, allocated by seniority, would fall to men whose names are synonyms for isolationism and reaction. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, for instance, would be chaired by Senator Wiley, the colleague of Senator McCarthy. His views are so extreme that Senator Vandenberg chose to die in office rather than vacate his place to Wiley. The chairman of the corresponding House Committee on Foreign Affairs would be Representative Chiperfield, whose voting record in the last session ran against Eisenhower's policy on every issue. The House Armed Services Committee would be headed by Dewey Short, whose record is almost enough to make Taft seem an Eisenhower supporter. And what is true of committees which deal with foreign policy is equally and unfortunately the case in domestic affairs. Senator McCarthy, to take one obvious example, would be chairman of Expenditures in the Executive Departments, which would give him the chance to harry every public agency and bureau. Such chairmen, ably supported by colleagues of a similar stripe, would make any Republican President, even Eisenhower, either the tool or the prisoner of the bitter and vindicative clique which fought him to the end in the stockyards at Chicago.

If Stevenson can bring this home to the electorate, his battle is more than half won. And it is encouraging to note that one of his first shots in the campaign was a stinging attack upon these "commissioned officers" in General Eisenhower's "crusade." Even though Stevenson may win, and carry home a Democratic Congress, he will have trouble enough with the Taft group, and with its Dixiecrat allies. But his tribulations will be as nothing as against those which would face Eisenhower in office. There should be no illusions about this election. A Republican victory would mean either chaos, if Eisenhower should prove himself a strong-willed man, or undisguised and extreme reaction, if he should allow himself to be used as a pliant figurehead.

It will be as fascinating to watch this struggle as its outcome will be important, both for the American people and for the world overseas. Despite Stevenson's caution on some domestic issues, and despite his identification with the Truman-Acheson foreign policy, he is a moderate liberal and he is level-headed. He now faces the task of giving American policy those same two characteristics, and defeating the wild men, the China Lobbyists and the anti-Communist crusaders, who might come flooding into positions of power in Washington if Eisenhower won. He can only succeed if he stands up to them and exposes them. Senator McCarthy and his imitators will try to smear him, not least with his character testimonial to Alger Hiss. If he runs away, then the curtain will not only fall on twenty years of Democratic rule, it will also fall on all that is decent and progressive in American public life.

Property and Power

"Property is alert and wakeful," Gladstone once confided to Lord Morley, "and even if it seems to sleep you can be sure that it has one eye open." The interests of property have ever shown ingenuity in dealing with successive waves of popular protest and progress. When the Monarchy gave way to Parliament, the property interest moved from the Court to the Back Benches, and when Parliament began to surrender to Cabinet Government and the Civil Service, the businessmen advanced to the Front Bench and the Ministry. To-day, when the working class has established a major political party, and will increasingly be represented in both the Cabinet and the Civil Service, the property interest has found a new and protected fortress beyond reach of popular majorities. The Controller, the Adviser and the Expert, those upon whom any government is dependent for detailed knowledge and informed opinion, are the real sovereigns of the Welfare State, and it is these positions of power the property interest seeks to capture.

Yet, this latest attempt to outreach the mob is not simply the outcome of a plot by board room Machiavellis. The Tory Party, which first and foremost represents property interests, has always believed, with Locke and Burke, that government exists to protect property. In terms of this tradition it has always been logical and consistent to staff the offices of government with men who recognise and represent the fundamental relationship between interest and power. Thus, any given Tory Cabinet is replete with company directors, bankers and businessmen. And the Tory Party will, in its Parliamentary function, tend to be the propertied Government or Opposition.

The political philosophy of the Labour Party is, of course, radically different, but when in power Labour policy is less shaped by philosophy than by the responsibilities of government. It must find the essential personnel to allocate resources, draw up plans, issue licences, in other words, staff the special planning and controlling divisions of Ministries. Obviously, such tasks cannot be left entirely to the permanent Civil Service, nor can they always be performed by party or trade union appointees. In practice, therefore, a Labour Government will find itself pushed and pulled in a conservative direction. A high proportion of its controllers, advisers and experts will come from trade or trade association circles, whether or not these bodies approve of the controls themselves. Indeed, disapproval by business may make co-operation in administering controls all the stronger. As was noted in a recent paper read before the Wholesale Textile Association, controls are a permanent feature of the Welfare State and "we must learn how to control controls, and make order out of orders."

The Labour Government's choice of controllers was also influenced by wartime development. Many Labour Ministers first acquired governing experience in the Coalition, which made extensive use of business personnel. The Ministries of Supply, Aircraft Production, Food and the Board of Trade, for example, were heavily staffed by businessmen, and a number of controls, including iron and steel, aluminium and non-ferrous metal, were recruited directly from trade and industrial organisations. When the Labour Government came to office in 1945 it may have seemed natural —certainly easy and convenient—to retain, in many cases, both controls and the controllers.

But whatever the reason, government of business by business was a conspicuous feature of Labour's policy. At various times, the Leather Controller was an official of the United Tanners' Federation. The Match Controller was attached to Bryant and May, and, indeed, for a period had his offices on the firm's premises. The Footwear Controller was an executive of Dolcis. Employees of Distillers Ltd. filled the top positions in the Molasses and Industrial Alcohol Control of the Board of Trade. The Cotton Control was largely recruited from Liverpool cotton firms, and the Timber Control from trade organisations. Perhaps the largest share of control positions were staffed by people from Unilever. In 1947 there were 90 former Unilever employees in the Ministry of Food, 11 of whom possessed full executive and administrative powers. Nor were they the sole representatives of business enterprise. Each of the commodity divisions of the Ministry was headed by an employee of a leading firm in the industry.

The Capital Issues Committee, which had a key role in enforcing the government's investment policy, is a particularly interesting example of Labour's reliance on businessmen. In early 1951 it comprised the following individuals:

Chairman: Rt. Hon. Lord Kennet. Chr. Union Discount Co. Ltd. Chr. Imperial Bank of Iran. Dir. Equity and Law Life Assurance Society.

Sir Otto Niemeyer. Dir. Bank of England. Dir. National Bank of Egypt. Dir. International Nickel Co.

Sir Thomas Frazer. Council of Foreign Bondholders. Formerly Dir. North British and Mercantile Insurance and Finance Corp. for Industry.

Sir Percy Lister. Chr. R. A. Lister & Co., Ltd. Chr. Blackstone & Co., Ltd. Dir. W. G. Armstrong Whitworth.

H. B. Turle. Partner James Capel & Co. Member Stock Exchange Council.

M. J. Babington Smith. Deputy Chr. Glyn Mills & Co. Dir. Bank of England.

M. F. Berry. Dir. Robert Fleming & Co. Dir. Westminster Bank Ltd. Dir. Standard Bank of South Africa Ltd. Dir. London Life Association.

The sole Treasury representative on the Committee was the Secretary, and he did not take part in the Committee's deliberations.

No doubt, in general, the businessmen appointed controllers or advisors by Labour were honest and able individuals. It is not on this level, at any rate, that the appointments are most open to criticism. The question, rather, is the very simple one of whether businessmen are the best people to administer the Welfare State to which, in the main, they are opposed *as businessmen*. Almost every week one or another of the newspapers prints an article by a former controller or adviser extremely critical of the control or direction he was previously enforcing. Certainly such articles, written on seemingly good authority, must weaken public confidence in controls and government administration itself.

An important criticism of Labour's personnel selection is that it tolerated, and in some cases encouraged, dual loyalties. During the war the Committee on Public Accounts noted, in regard to the membership of the Iron and Steel Control, that "this system raises in an acute form the problem of dual allegiance, and every care should be taken to safeguard the public interest. . . ." Yet, under Labour a number of businessmen in government were paid, not by the government, but by the firms for whom they had been working, and in other cases firms made up the difference between government pay and the previous salary.

And Sir Stafford Cripps admitted that some members of the Raw Materials Control "have always been permitted to keep in general contact with their firms, but not to engage actively in their day-to-day management." Sir Stafford did not define the distinction between these two types of activity, and it may be doubted whether there is a clear one. Devoted public servants, in any case, are not likely to be gained by permitting businessmen to maintain "general contact" with a previous business connection and to continue on its payroll.

But the principal objection to government of business by business is that it legitimises the traditional interests and objectives of industry. Thus, on the advice of controllers and advisers, drawn largely from the private sector, competition was restricted by establishing quotas based on pre-war performance for the allocation of scarce raw materials and markets. Similarly, in some cases after the war, local committees of traders sat in judgment on applicants to enter the trade or practise it in the area. The Timber Control did not effect certain kinds of rationalisation, which would have lowered timber costs, because such reform was rejected by the trade. Over a large range of prices control took place at the levels set by the trades concerned. For example, according to the Proprietary Articles Trade Association in 1951, "The arrangement between the Association and the Central Price Regulation Committee, *whereby the latter recognises the Protected List as a list of 'permitted prices*,' continues to operate smoothly and to the convenience of the Association's members."

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Labour Government's choice of controllers and advisers had the effect of giving governmental authority to typical business practices and behaviour. An alternative method of control, of course, would not have been, and will never be, easy in a Mixed Economy. Certainly, in 1945 the trained personnel required could not have been found in sufficient numbers in the Civil Service, or, indeed, anywhere else but in industry. But the failure to plan then for the future is less understandable. Thus far, at any rate, little has been done to educate civil servants and trade unionists for industrial leadership. Is such education beyond the power and finances of the Labour Party, the T.U.C., and the Co-operatives? If so, the Mixed Economy will degenerate into a monopolistic National Capitalism made palatable by full employment and the social services.

JOHN CATES

London Diary

WHY did Britain, with the strongest team we have ever produced, have to wait for a horse to help us to win our one gold medal at Helsinki? Adolph Abrahams, who speaks with authority, explains that we just don't happen to have, at the moment, any of the few athletic geniuses alive in the world. It is just luck whether a Zatopek is born in Czechoslovakia, Luxemburg or Surrey. I believe that is only half the story. For rare geniuses are more often found or brought to the perfection of achievement in countries which really concentrate on victory. The British are still as obstinately amateurish as when Voltaire complained that Congreve was a gentleman who wrote plays and not a man of letters. I recall, many years ago, when I was first in the United States, being asked what I thought of American football, and saying: "C'est magnifique; mais c'est la guerre." The Americans and Russians see sport as only a less bloody kind of war. We still get fun out of our sport, and though, of course, the men who represent England at the Olympics are as highly trained as those of any country, they are not like representatives of America or Russia, the product of a lifetime of concentrated selection and scientific training from their cradles upwards. Of course, the Russians attribute their victory to the decadence of the Western World, and the Americans would like to regard theirs as a proof of the supreme virtues of private enterprise. As the Soviet and Americans ended in something like a photo finish, neither case can be sustained. Commercialised amateurism in sport is as overwhelming in the United States as nationalised amateurism in the Soviet Union. So there is not much propaganda to be made out of it anyway, and, during the Olympics, no one seems to have tried to make any. There were remarkably few "incidents" of any sort at Helsinki. The Russians proved, as the athletes of other countries agree, admirable sportsmen throughout the contest. The Western world on its side has not failed to pay full tribute to the Iron Curtain victors, and to acclaim Zatopek as probably the greatest runner of all time. It seemed a pity that he had to make a foolish speech about Germ Warfare as soon as he could get his breath!

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Since there is no "Press Council" to deal with such incidents as the disputed *Daily Express* interview with Mrs. Maclean, the next best thing would be an inquiry by the National Union of Journalists. The Union already has an Ethics Committee, and I can think of no "ethical" dispute more suitable for its notice. So far the case has been most skilfully and fairly dealt with by the *Observer* and entirely inadequately defended by the Editor of the *Express*. I assume that the reporter, who is an N.U.J. member, would accept a chance of appearing before his trade union. He has, I notice, had a vote of confidence from his own Chapel at Express Newspapers, but this cannot carry the authority of an impartial review by the N.U.J. It is also essential, in my view, for the N.U.J. to invite the anonymous sub-editor responsible for "presenting" the reporter's story. Whatever may be true in this case—and I do not know how far this specific story was "rewritten" on the desk—it is general newspaper practice for the "sub" rather than the reporter to dress the story up. In order to complete the picture the Editor should also be invited to state his side of the story. Journalists may fairly plead that they have to do what they are told if they wish to earn a living—an argument that should make them the more willing to explain what journalistic standards are expected of them and how to help improve them.

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A. J. Cummings was once—especially when he returned from Moscow an ardent "popular fronter"—a powerful, if often rather injudicious political commentator. To-day he is out of touch. He has never known or understood the Labour Party. If he had, he would not have referred, in last Tuesday's "exposure" of the Bevanites, to Dennis Healey and Wilfred Fienburgh as "young middle-class 'intellectuals'." They are, on the contrary, two good examples of boys of working-class background who have deservedly won recognition and influence in the Party without a big trade union to back them. One of his surprising remarks is a reference to the "startling ferocity with which, he says, the *N.S. & N.* has attacked Woodrow Wyatt. Strange to say, the most ferocious comment I can find about Woodrow Wyatt in this journal is that his "outburst against the Bevanites last Sunday does credit to his quixotic courage, but calls in question his judgment as an advocate."

* * *

The confession by the Singapore authorities that in spite of anti-narcotic laws there are at least 2,000 opium dens in the colony, shows that some government is making a farce of the Narcotics Convention. And there is little doubt that the opium comes through Thailand. A friend who has recently travelled the Opium Road from the Burmese border to Bangkok tells me the traffic is scarcely hidden. Opium poppies are an easy crop to grow, and peasants in the north and across the Burmese border, and in Indo-China and Yunnan, can produce an exportable surplus. This finds its way across the mountains into Thailand, where it is frequently found and confiscated at control points on the roads and railway. But that does not prevent the opium trade in Thailand being a profitable perquisite of the army, the police and the navy, which is responsible for the river and sea patrols. Profits come in several ways.

First there is the bonus which the government pays for vigilance; secondly there is what the vigilant ones are paid for not being vigilant and, thirdly, what they can make by selling privately what they confiscate when they are vigilant. Indeed, one of the reasons for the musical comedy revolt of the navy, in which they kidnapped the Prime Minister, Marshal Pibul, in broad daylight, when he was receiving a Marshall Aid dredger from the Americans, was his threat to transfer the whole of the opium control to the army. Without the "perks" of opium, naval officers could not have maintained the standard of life to which they had become accustomed.

* * *

Some of my happiest memories are of cycling along country roads. In those days we had straight handlebars that let you look at the countryside; you stopped and wandered round old churches, talked while you peddled, dismounted on hills, and contemplated ducks on village ponds. I watch the cyclists of to-day with astonishment. They take the main motor-infested roads in a cohort and they seem nearly as blind as the motorists themselves. They look neither to the right nor to the left, and their eyes are glued to the bottom of the cyclist in front of them. They wear better mackintosh equipment than we ever had. During the week-end, however, I doubt if many of them even discovered that there were compensations for the Bank Holiday rain. Instead of July's steady drought and glare which burnt the colour out of everything, we had three of those rare and lovely days when shadows chase each other across the hill-sides and the wind breaks the red-gold wheat into waves as rocks break the tide on a sea shore. Often the next field would be of barley, lighter, silvery yellow and the wind would play with the heads so gaily and so fantastically that every stalk seemed to be dancing an individual part in a ballet of bewildering complexity. If you stopped between storms and gazed, you could see the whole East Anglian landscape in a moving pattern of wheat, barley, oat and purple-flowered fields. On Saturday night after the rain the sky was a lacquer-blue that I had never seen before, and the harvest moon was huge and brazen. The man in the moon looked on speaking terms with any holiday maker who had time to pass the time of night with him.

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More examples of strangely named business firms continue to arrive. Correspondents report a firm of dairy farmers named "Wellbeloved and

Muddle," a dentist named "A. Screech," a firm of solicitors in Sligo called "Argue and Phibbs," and a grocer who rejoices in the name of "Gotobed and Tickle." CRITIC

THE FOURTH FREEDOM

All members of the Forces are at liberty to worship in their own way . . . so long as the practice of their faith fits in with Service requirements.—Secretary for Air, July 30.

Religious toleration is a Service Regulation
And no denomination from the Forces will be banned,
The spiritualistic can observe their worship mystic
Through mediums at sea, and in the air, and on the land.

There will be no prohibition on the Service apparition
When the psychical practitioners produce a spirit guide,
Nor will Staffs express annoyance with the practice of clairvoyance
When Wellington's and Cæsar's ghosts stand at the sergeant's side.

The Services are ready to accept an intake steady
Of the followers of Eddy and Brahministic flocks,
Hindus and Rosicrucians and Druids and Confucians
And Buchmanites may infiltrate among the orthodox.

The Yogi-minded Briton who with Fakir-worship smitten
Tries his bayonet to sit on they may interrupt at prayer,
The rites of whirling Dervishes might disconcert the Services,
And Muslims who to Mecca turn when drilling in the square.

But materialisations and occult manifestations
In Service congregations will not cause religious strife
So long as their habitual, if Nonconformist ritual,
Fits in with the requirements of a normal Service life.

SAGITTARIUS

THE ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Archdeacon of Stafford, the Ven. W. A. Parker, will protest to the Air Ministry about a jet aircraft which flew low over St. Mary's Church yesterday, making inaudible his prayer for world peace.—*Daily Mail.* (Pat Welch.)

I have no hesitation in claiming that Roland Hardy, the British champion from Chesterfield, would have won this event if all the judges had been British.—*Evening Standard.* (S. Graham.)

Mrs. Douglas Nicholes, of Cambridge, went to nurse Farouk when he was 16 months. She said last night: "He was a sick, delicate baby, I would not tolerate interference, and treated him as a normal English baby. Within a week he put on weight.—*News Chronicle.* (S. Hearst.)

Fabian Society.—Members were at home to their friends on Saturday. Entertainment was given by the Phoenix Players. A play by James Joyce, "Ulysses," concluded characteristically with square dancing by the cast in togas.—*Gravesend and Dartford Reporter.* (P. Hendon.)

Asked in Leigh to-day if he could pay a 20s. fine and two guineas costs for maliciously wounding his wife with a poker, a man replied: "You will have to ask the missus. I have no money."—*Manchester Evening News.* (S. Fineberg.)

It is forty-two years since Mr. Rees, now sixty-five, went into Holy Orders. He didn't think then that he would ever be a cat show judge.—*Evening News.* (Barbara Duke.)

Lady with highly strung poodle wants Domestic Help; must be even tempered and methodical; preferably good living Christian, not Irish.—Advt. in *The Times.* (F. M. Chapman.)

Federation Ltd.

NOT many weeks ago the British Treasury had before it yet another request by an important mining company for permission to transfer its headquarters from London to the Rhodesias. There was nothing either new or surprising in this. Some of the biggest mining interests in Central Africa have moved out of this country to the Rhodesias within the last few years. They have usually given as their principal reason the high level of United Kingdom taxation, which falls unfairly, they have argued, on their non-British shareholders—mostly American.

But there was something new in the reasons given by Roan Antelope, one of the four big copper-mining companies of Northern Rhodesia, for this transfer from London to the Rhodesias. Their reason, they now said, was that "political developments in Northern Rhodesia make it essential that the Company's policy should be dictated on the spot." Now, on the face of it, this was no reason at all, for political developments in Northern Rhodesia are decided in Whitehall, and are in any case not so complicated that a big company could not understand and act on them from London. The directors of Roan Antelope have something else in mind. That something else is Central African federation.

Those who argue for Central African federation argue that economic factors demand it. Governed together, these three territories of Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland could become more prosperous. Once again, on the face of it, this argument is worthless, for there is no kind of economic activity now going on in any of these territories which is held up or hampered for lack of a common government in economic affairs. There is no kind of economic co-ordination which could not be realised effectively without federation, through a device similar to that of the East Africa High Commission. Quite true, say the supporters of federation if you press them: but what we are thinking of is *development*.

But what kind of development? Very soon you see that what the defenders of federation really want is the assurance that they will be able to continue with the development of British Central Africa along existing lines, but sheltered by federation from any dangerous incursion of "Gold Coastism" in the two northern protectorates. They want to be able to extend to Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland the virtual guarantee of "supremacy for ever" which they believe that they already possess in Southern Rhodesia. Thus, nearly all the chairmen of the big Central African mining concerns have spoken in favour of federation; most of these concerns have now transferred, or are in course of transferring, their headquarters from the United Kingdom to the Rhodesias; and these interests are closely linked.

On the face of it, no doubt, a purely commercial company called Tanganyika Concessions might be expected to have little enough to do with Central Africa. But the *Stock Exchange Yearbook* tells a different story. Transferred from London to Southern Rhodesia in November, 1950, "Tanks" is the biggest financial holding corporation in tropical Africa. It possesses, for instance, a large minority interest (large enough to act in practice as a controlling interest) in a Belgian company called the Union Minière du Haut Katanga—the company which operates the vastly important uranium mines of the Belgian Congo, whence the United States draws the bulk of its uranium. It possesses, furthermore, no less than 90 per cent. of the stock of the Benguela Railway—that railway which carries all the Congo uranium (and many other Congo minerals) from the heart of Africa to the Atlantic Coast at Lobito Bay. Apart from these holdings, which alone would give "Tanks" huge importance, it has a controlling interest in Kentan Gold Areas (Kenya) and Uruwira Minerals (Tanganyika).

So important is "Tanks," indeed, that when applying for transfer to Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, the company had to give the British Government an undertaking that for a minimum period of ten years it would not dispose of its assets in the Haut Katanga or the Benguela Railway; and after that the British Government was to have an option to acquire these assets. But that is only half the story. "Tanks" have issued 3,831,412 Ordinary shares. In April, 1950, the British Government sold 1,677,961 of these shares, which it then owned, to an Anglo-Belgian group. And in November, 1950—the date of geographical transfer—it was announced that 600,000 of this block of shares which the British Government had sold had again been sold to an American group headed by Ladenburg Thalman and Co. and Lazard Frères, in association with the International Basic Economy Corporation and Mr. David Rockefeller—in short, to the Rockefeller interests in one form or another.

But that, again, is not the whole story. For the British interests mainly concerned in "Tanks," acquiring their shares through the good offices of the British Government, are mainly those which have hitherto dominated the economic development of Central Africa—the Oppenheimer gold and copper-mining interests, for example, and the British South Africa Company which still retains all mineral rights in Northern Rhodesia, and in 16,000 square miles of Nyasaland. These are the interests which have pressed, and are pressing, hardest for Central African federation, for those political guarantees of economic dominion without which it might be hard to ensure the necessary flow of capital.

Gradually and unobtrusively, the last few years have brought about a new and powerful alignment of monopolistic mining capital in East and Central Africa. This alignment comes together at the top in "Tanks"—so that half a dozen men, whose names include those of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, Sir Ellis Robins and Sir Dougal Malcolm, are not so far to-day from controlling the economic destiny of these territories. They have had, and are having, close support from the United States. Early this year the Mutual Security Agency lent $1,640,000 to Uruwira Minerals (a subsidiary of "Tanks") for repayment in deliveries of lead and copper. At about the same time the same Agency advanced $103,000 for the promotion of asbestos mining in Southern Rhodesia (in which these interests are also engaged). After the loan is repaid—in deliveries to the U.S. of asbestos "of satisfactory grade"—the U.S. will have an option to purchase a percentage (unstated) of all asbestos produced until 1968. Last summer, E.C.A. loans totalling about $24 million for the improvement of railways in N. and S. Rhodesia, and for the promotion of copper and cobalt mining in N. Rhodesia, were announced by Mr. W. L. Batt, the Mission head in London. These loans are to be repaid, as usual, "to the fullest extent possible" in strategic raw materials such as copper, cobalt, tungsten, and chrome. Other loans to the same effect have been, and are being, negotiated.

Now, it is no secret that the Americans have expressed themselves privately in favour of federation; nor is it difficult to see why. These loans, like British capital in the past, flow into precisely the same socio-economic structure of "White supremacy" and "cheap African labour" against which the Africans now struggle—and *for* which the supporters of federation are vehemently

united. All that changes is the principal source of imperialistic capital: this becomes American. The Americans thus cash in on imperialist exploitation without incurring the public odium of doing so and without having to pay the cost of it. "Obviously it is of advantage and interest to the U.S.A. if there is a Federated Government in Central Africa," observed a well-informed member of the Southern Rhodesia legislative Council in a debate of June 24 last: "They (the U.S.) want a better security for the money they put out. . . ."

Anyone who cares to spend an hour or so with the *Stock Exchange Yearbook* can very soon convince himself that this close and intelligent tie-up in mining interests really does exist. He will find a careful system of interlocking directorates between such units as "Tanks," the British South Africa Company, and the Anglo-American Corporation. If he is willing to look back a little in time, he will find many other strange things; how, for instance, the government of Southern Rhodesia sold their interest in the Beira Railway (Central Africa-Portuguese East Africa) to the Portuguese Government in 1948, although the Portuguese themselves did not exercise their option in 1946, and had no other option until 1956. Indeed, the Government even sold that portion of the railway (Umtali-frontier) which lies *within* Southern Rhodesia—an odd way of "defending the British Empire." And perhaps he will discover the reason why the British South Africa Company to-day is notably reluctant to support the efforts of others in promoting another railway from Rhodesia to the West Coast—after all, its interests now include a share in the West Coast railway (Congo-Lobito Bay) which already exists.

What is new about this situation is not the fact or manner of exploitation, but the skilfully engineered concentration of interests—British, American, Belgian, South African—in a region of great mineral wealth over a part of which the British electorate holds a protectorate and is pledged to advance the interests of the African inhabitants. There can be little doubt that what the federationists have in mind is rapid transition to Dominion status—when the paper safeguards in the present federation proposals would be worth even less than they are to-day, would, in fact, be worth nothing at all—and that the steady transference of company headquarters to Southern Rhodesia is designed to give this potential Dominion a position of power and standing in the financial world. We are faced, indeed, with a well-prepared plan to saddle the whole of British Central Africa with a financial oligarchy designed to carry imperialist venture into a new phase. The first step in this "Operation Control" was the transfer from London to Southern Rhodesia of the Wankie Colliery Co., monopolist suppliers of coal and coke upon which all mining and industrial production in British Central Africa now depends, and in which the British South Africa Company has important holdings.

If federation were to go through, these great financial interests would have a clear path before them. No paper safeguards could then enable the British Parliament to meet its obligations to the Africans of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, because the British Parliament would command no executive authority in these territories—or none that could withstand the authority which the mining companies and their settler friends would have achieved. Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland would be driven down the same fateful road as South Africa has taken, a sad and sorry road on which the people of Southern Rhodesia are already far advanced, and the fine phrases now lavished on federation would show for what they are. For this is not to be the federation of free men, but of vested interest—Federation Ltd.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Keep Us Steadfast

A STURDY, apple-cheeked farmer, severely dressed in black, addressed his congregation in one of the spotlessly clean, bare Amish homes of simple woodframe construction, set against the flat green fields of northern Indiana's rich farmlands. With emphasis he prayed: "Halt uns steadfast in der unruhigen and unverstandlichen Welt, oh Gott." In this strange mixture of German and English, known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," the Bishop asked for Divine guidance for the "plain people," the Amish farmers, who, in the midst of a world warring to shape the future of civilisation, seek to retain the beliefs and customs of the sixteenth century.

The Amish emerged in 1690, breaking away from the main body of the Mennonite Church under the zealous leadership of Jacob Ammon, a fearless, dogmatic and conceited Mennonite preacher, who censured the Mother Church for its laxness in observing the "Ordnung" of the faith. Numbering a little over 14,000, and scattered over much of America's industrial East and the farm areas of the Middle West, the Amish people remain apart, strangers in the land their forebears help to settle and trying to preserve their ways almost unchanged while the fast-moving stream of American life flows past.

Like their Bishop, elected by lot, the men of the congregation are farmers. All are dressed in black cut-away coats without collars, lapels, or pockets. Hooks and eyes take the place of buttons. The wide-brimmed, low-crowned black hats of the men are hung above the backless benches placed in the "Dutch" barn. The men's hair is long and combed over their foreheads; the married men have long beards. The married women sit to the left of the Bishop, wearing small white prayer caps on their heads, and ankle-length dresses of plain greys and blues. Before the Bishop, but separated by a wide aisle, are the young men and women, boys and girls, who are still too young to "join the Church." Everyone attends the service, including babies, who are sucking quietly, shaking rattles or howling lustily. The Bishop is not disturbed by this, nor by the sight of the sleepy eyes and drooping heads; after all, this is the third hour of the service.

These refugees of the Reformation have given strength to America wherever they have touched her. Although constantly refusing to use tractors and much other agricultural machinery, they have continuously adopted improved farming practices and were among the first farmers to diversify and rotate crops, grow legumes and use gypsum, lime and manure. Amish communities are prosperous, stable and productive. Extremes of poverty and riches are unknown, and the Biblical rule, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you," has the force of mellowed authority. No Amish family has ever received "relief" during the seasonal busts and booms of America's economy. One northern Indiana farmer living in the vicinity of an Amish settlement remarked to me: "The best investment in the world is to be born into an Amish family. I was ruined in the depression while they worked, ate and sold."

I was curious to find out whether such a "living" fossil of a great heritage would not experience great difficulties in maintaining their cultural isolation. Tensions are inevitable: in northern Indiana there are at least four Amish sects, some "plainer" than others, the difference depending largely on the point of view of the Bishops, who invoke traditions to nip any variations in the bud. The "plainer" sects shun automobiles, radios, telephones, electricity, inside plumbing and many home gadgets. While farmers worried about tyre shortages during the war, and others about "new model" cars, Amish people used their buggies drawn by a horse. Some "progressive" Amish drive cars; but first blacken the chrome. Others bought tractors and replaced metal-tyred wheels on farm wagons with rubber wheels. Another compromise is that little sheds housing pay-box telephones have been built in fields for the use of families opposed to having telephones in their homes; such products of civilisation can be used for business—to check the price of wheat and corn—but not for anything else.

Eli Schmucker, a red-bearded Amishman and father of 11 children (birth control being strictly forbidden), bought his present farm with the help of other Amish people from a "short-haired" neighbour. He disconnected the electric power supplying his house and outbuildings. Oil lanterns replaced electric lights. All inside plumbing, and the telephone, were removed. The bathtub now served as a cattle drinking trough. Eli has no automobile, but his buggy is equipped with headlights powered by a storage battery. This "worldly" device was forced upon Eli by the laws of the State of Indiana. He reluctantly obeyed but only after many accidents had occurred involving fast-moving traffic with the slow horse-drawn buggies. Eli saw no objection to using a milking machine. But he replaced the electric motor which worked the air-compressor with one using petrol. Fourteen shire-bred horses do his field work. Yet when Eli wanted to clear a field of rocks and stumps he hired a bulldozer and operator for $25 a day. Temptations are ever present. Eli's daughter, Inez, soon to marry the son of an Amish Bishop, remarked bitterly, "The Bishops are out to oppress us. I like to wear jewellery and make up like other girls." Such defiance does not remain on the verbal level, as I discovered visiting a Sunday night young people's "sing," where everything but the supposed hymn singing took place, and the air was filled with sweet perfume and the talk of cars, nylons and actors.

The simple life begins early. I saw children of five and six follow the plough, picking out weed roots and pushing down uneven furrows while their father handled the horses and plough. Many children have never seen a "movie" or a comic strip, ridden in a car, played baseball or listened to the radio. Young girls would frequently ask me for "True Romance" magazines. A principal source of conflict is presented by what Amish people term "oppressive school laws." School consolidation has eliminated much rural education and raised the school-leaving age to sixteen. Amish people feel that educational reform threatens their existence because children become "worldly" from contact with non-Amish children, teachers, and books. "Our children must love the farm. If they are filled with foolish things our religion will be lost, and in the name of Jesus Christus we shall die in the fire of hell." Flouting educational laws has meant imprisonment for some Amish fathers.

Some families wished to emigrate to South America but discovered the need for personal pictures to go inside the passports. Amish people are conscientiously opposed to posing because of the Commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." A State Department employee concerned with the case of the passports told me, "I do not have the courage or the time to battle endlessly with the theology of the Reformation." In their struggles with law-

enforcing agencies, the Amish people are handicapped by the Biblical injunction against lawsuits. "If any man will sue thee at law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

The Amish, lacking missionary zeal, leave our conscience undisturbed. Those called for military service refused the provisions made for religious objectors. As absolutists, the gates of prison were opened to them. Others endured dreary and unprofitable months in Civilian Public Service Camps. A young Amish farmer, who had suffered months of imprisonment, told me, "The mould for conformity does not fit us. The Bible tells us that 'Every tree that beareth not good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.'"

PETER GUTKIND

Tapestry and Images

DIRTIEST, most slovenly, and worst-mannered of European capitals, London has one agreeable characteristic: she embraces within her careless, slatternly bosom a surprising number of skilled and ancient crafts. For instance, in Mortimer Street, not far from the Hare's Foot, patronised by the goldbeaters, is a rambling Georgian shop, somewhat overshadowed by Medicine Monumental in the shape of the Middlesex Hospital. It is the trading outpost of a factory—workroom, *atelier*, call it what you will—deep in the modest obscurity of Islington, but carrying on the true tradition of the *dominotiers, tapissiens et imagiers*, who formed a guild in 1586 for the production of marbled, damasked and pictured papers for hanging on domestic walls. It is an old firm over which Mr. Frank Cole now presides—though one looks in vain for the smock and atmosphere of the *Deux Magots* which, one feels, he ought to wear. Edward Crace, the original founder, was a contemporary of Chippendale. Robert Crace, two generations later, made the wallpaper for Prinny's pavilion at Brighton; and John Gregory Crace collaborated with Pugin in the hangings for the rebuilt House of Commons.

To-day the processes which the Craces used have been circumspectly modernised; wallpaper, since 1830, has been made in 12-yd. pieces, instead of squares posted into rolls; the ground colours are no longer laid by hand (Cole's still did that occasionally up to World War II); and, though Edward Crace would have known all about distemper colours, he might have rubbed his eyes at the screen-printing now employed for some effects. But here in Islington this still remains essentially a handicraft. The blocks, beautifully carved from pear-wood, with metal strips and pins let in for details of the design; the "pulp" colours (their range, of course, augmented by modern analine dyes); the "flocking" of *tontisse* papers over whose pattern, block-printed in a sticky mordant, silk dust is shaken to resemble pile; even the printers' presses, operated by a wooden footlever—all these are much as they were when walls were being decorated as a background to the craftsmanship of Sheraton and Hepplewhite. And the results are lovely. By which I do not mean to say that Cole's has a monopoly of good taste in wallpaper colour and design; there are several large firms whose names are nationally familiar now producing some beautiful wallpapers among a mass of common or garden stuff. But the output of these firms, with an immense production catering for the popular market, is predominantly machine-printed; and, apart from the fact that esparto-grass paper gives effects unattainable from paper made from mechanical pulp, I am old-fashioned enough to hold that, neither in textiles nor paper can machine-printing give the quality and depth of colour laid by a hand-block.

Somebody with more learning and leisure than I ought to write a sociological history of wallpaper and its designers. They have all, I suppose, been imitators—first of tapestry and murals, then of sculpture and panelling, finally and abominably, of leather. But they have included in their ranks real artists—Papillon and Reveillon in 18th-century France and, in England, after his fashion, the famous John Baptist Jackson, who provided Horace Walpole's house with paper tableaux of Attila which, though some way after Titian, "succeeded to a miracle." Scenic panoramas apart, the design of wallpaper with repeating patterns has problems which do not arise in the case of a picture whose design makes a unity. But the study I should like to read would be concerned not so much with the evolution of design—from the heraldic, imitation tapestry *motifs* of the 16th century, the 17th century's flowers, grotesques, and cartouches, the coming of *Chinoiserie* with Queen Anne, the 18th century's rivalry between classical wall pictures and the stripes, arabesque and flowing knots which Chippendale loved, to the exaggerations of the Empire and the final artistic calamities of Victorian England: in all this the fascinating question is the part played by the appetite of the consumer. For instance, it was surely no coincidence that the coming of Chinese papers and designs coincided with the social emergence of a new, wealthy trading bourgeoisie whose houses were unsuitable either for the heavy "flocked" damask hangings of country gentlemen's halls or the Venetian Prints which graced Strawberry Hill. Again, it was no accident that in the 19th Century, when roller printing, coupled with the removal of the Excise Duty, made possible cheap mass production, the swarming children of the Industrial Revolution called into being manufacturers of wallpaper who knew nothing of taste and were concerned only with profit.

For the maker of artistic wallpaper, who has never been concerned with the mass market, time has its revenges. Against the degeneration of mass-produced Victorian hangings—from which William Morris and the Jugend stylists in turn strove at least to rescue decent stylised design and clean colours—the civilised consumer at length revolted: there came the era of my childhood in which plain distempered walls were a conscious attempt to be Whistlerian or to produce the restful background of a Vermeer interior; and there followed the "off-white" craze of the inter-war years. Since World War II, the pendulum has swung. With Regency furniture replacing, perforce, in collectors' eyes, the Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite now reserved for the dollar market, more and more homes which aspire to be "in the fashion" are reverting, not to panoramic Empire wallpapers, but to walls covered with patterned colour. (Not stripes, I am told; rather stars and small, repeated *motifs*.) Moreover, people are discovering that the great increase in the cost of decorators' labour makes it little more expensive to hang good wallpaper on their walls than to have them professionally distempered. (This factor, of course, does not apply to the amateur layer-on of oilbound water-paint.)

So, after a lean forty years, the production of artistic wallpaper is enjoying a fresh lease of prosperity—but subject to one annoying paradox. Though the cost of labour makes it economic to paper rooms, the craft of paper-hanging is more difficult to acquire than that of wielding a distemper brush. Thus those of us who feel unequal to coping with sticky sheets of paper which refuse so obdurately to lie in nice parallels on a flat surface, and who cannot afford the professional decorator's bill, must still pretend that we prefer plain walls. Unless, of course, we follow in the footsteps of John Baptist Jackson and—turning *imagiers* ourselves—cover our domestic backgrounds with something a little (or long) way after Leger or Paul Klee!

AYLMER VALLANCE

Irish Sharks

ACHILL Island—in the remote west of County Mayo—is not the place where one would expect to find a flourishing shark-fishing industry. At first view, life on the island proceeded at its customary leisurely pace. Girls and men were working on the bog heaping the clumps of brown turf. Bare-footed children guided the donkeys along the rough paths, with big basket-like panniers on each side of the patient animals. In the corners of the fields were patches of exotic-looking yellow iris, purple orchis gleamed in the grass while white bog cotton waved over the brown bog land. But there was unusual activity on the island, for I arrived in the middle of the shark-fishing season which lasts about four months.

Down at the small grey Pollogh harbour—about two miles from Keel village—I saw and smelt the sharks. A huge motor lorry rumbled along the harbour road with a load of shark carcase destined for Lisburn, in Northern Ireland, where it is turned into fish meal for feeding livestock. In its trail was the unmistakable taint of shark. Following the trail, I reached the huge carcases of basking shark by the harbour side. Men were cutting these up with scythe-like knives which went straight through the soft backbone. They were cut in wedges and laid out, as if on a fishmonger's slab, to await the lorry's return.

The really valuable part of the shark is the oil contained in the liver. This oil is used for industrial purposes, for tempering metal or treating leather. It also has a place in cosmetics. While watching the process in the harbour I saw a small steam boat arrive with six basking sharks lashed to the bow, three on each side. As it came into the harbour a fisherman loosened the ropes and flung them to men ashore who dragged the carcases along to the harbour side and fastened each to a metal ring as though they were tethering horses. The waves made these huge monsters flounder and stretch as if they were alive. They are fearful-looking creatures with mouths that look as if they could swallow an ox. Actually they live on minute plankton which they take in through a kind of sieve. The real danger is their tails, which can wreck small boats and have done tremendous damage to Achill salmon nets.

From Pollogh I went along about six miles to Keem bay where the sharks are caught. The rough mountain path is inaccessible to cars and from its heights I saw the first dorsal fin rising out of the blue-and-purple waters like the conning tower of a torpedo boat. When I reached the bay I was no longer excited by the sight of one shark for the place seemed full of them. There were at least twenty visible in the space of two hours and there was tremendous activity. Several small boats were engaged in the hunt and the method used was to net the shark. In its efforts to escape, the monster would bound in the air and twist itself almost double. They were dragged over against the steep edge of the cliff and the boats gathered round for the kill. As the shark's struggles grew feebler, a boat moved up with a man crouched on the bow bolding a bayonet-like spear with a wooden haft, which he plunged again and again into the shark, seeking for a vital spot. Judging by the crimson mist spreading through the waves, the shark died from exhaustion and loss

of blood. It was then towed to a "factory ship" in the middle of the bay, where they cut out the enormous liver and did the necessary processing, dumping the rest of the carcase overboard.

Two separate groups were engaged in shark fishing. Those who brought the carcases into the harbour used everything. But the factory ship group were only interested in liver and oil, all the rest was waste. Plans have now been completed to establish a fish meal plant nearer to the shark fishing centre, and this may mean that all the carcases will be used. Not only would this be an economic gain, but it would prevent carcases being left to rot by the side of the lovely Keem Bay.

Shark fins were rising all over the bay and they came in very close to the shallow water at the edge so that one could see the shape of the monsters under the water, looking like dark aeroplanes in the sky. Salmon fishers ran out straight nets in the bay but "spotters" on the cliff top signalled the location of salmon and sharks. When a shark came close, the salmon boats would hurriedly pull their nets away, beating at the sharks with their oars or splashing the water to drive them off.

While the season is on sharks are being taken at about 100 a week. Last year the total value of the industry in Achill was estimated at about £50,000. In earlier seasons the oil was worth £100 a ton but the value has since dropped to £80 or £90. Some who held out had to sell at much lower rates. Yet this industry—with its interesting Northern Ireland link—is a great economic asset to the island and has probably saved a good many people from the necessity of emigrating. The damage done to the salmon nets first attracted attention—in modern times—to the basking sharks, but now the shark fishing seems much more important than the salmon.

Achill has a surprisingly long history in shark fishing, although from *Harpoon at a Venture*, by Gavin Maxwell, a recent book dealing with shark fishing near Skye, it is evident that the author considers himself a pioneer in this field. He speaks of having to devise special techniques and special harpoons, of methods based on trial and error. Yet in Achill shark fishing was carried on successfully more than a hundred years ago. It is described in detail in *The Deep Sea and Coast Fisheries of Ireland*, by Wallop Brabazon, Esq., published by James McGlashan, Dublin, in 1848. In those days the sharks would be worth from £35 to £50 each so the fishermen were well repaid for their efforts. As many as 500 would be taken in a season. The fishermen never brought the carcases to land as there was a superstition that the fish would leave if the bodies were brought on shore. This would be a useful superstition now if it prevented carcases being left to rot on the beach. These Irish fishermen were pioneers in the shark fishing industry which they are carrying on successfully to-day. Equipment is greatly improved, the steamboats, the nets and the hefty spear—in place of the old harpoon—make the fishing less perilous for the fishermen and less agonising for the shark.

In this remote western island time seems to stand still. A travelling cinema with a tent top—here for Whitsun—found it impossible to get the islanders to attend the shows before 10.30 p.m. although they were advertised for 8.30. No one would come in while there was any light in the sky. They stood around with their backs to the white-washed walls and cabins that glimmered in the dusk. When they came out of the cinema, long after midnight, they were ready to enjoy, by artificial light, the swings and sideshows set up as Whitsun attractions. Nobody troubled about the time of the clock. But these islanders seem to have beaten the shrewd Scots as shark fishers by about a hundred years.

R. M. Fox

Animal Love

Edward Brandel told me this story at a friend's house. He was solemnly drunk, but none the less credible. Brandel's an aviator employed by a firm of aircraft manufacturers. We've known each other for years, but I've never really understood him, perhaps because he has the air of understanding nothing himself; and nobody. He has a manner, not exactly puzzled but, as it were, for ever surprised at finding life what it is. He lives by himself, without close friends, in a flat of depressing tidiness containing an enormous number of books, all of poetry. We met after he had written to me in appreciation of an essay I had published in praise of St. Exupéry, the only man of whom I ever heard him speak with warmth.

On that occasion, I mean at our friend's house, he turned his thin, pale face to me, his watered blue eyes hazy with drink, and said he had just returned from South America where he had been all but eaten by cannibals. I said I was glad to hear it, referring to his escape. For a moment he looked at me doubtfully; then he said: "These cannibals were great animal lovers." I waited for an explanation, but then he made a fresh start, telling me about a Senor Camoens, a Brazilian millionaire with vast property in the Guiana highlands of Venezuela, and a customer of his firm. This gentleman had ordered an aircraft in which he planned to fly from point to point of his ranches. The machine was sent by sea as far as Para, Brandel accompanying it, as he was to fly it thence to its destination. He said: "I was warned—about the forest people you know. They told me that if I were forced down among them, I should be either hopelessly lost, or perhaps eaten."

He had been told that the forest people were primitive, naked, armed with wood and bone killing strangers, not in malice, but in the bestial fear and stupidity of the primeval. "Primal idiocy," he went on dreamily, "killing with almost the maddening indifference of an elm which drops a great bough on a man, even on windless days." He added that he was not afraid of that, because it was unreal to him. "How," he said, "could a man be as cruel as a tree? But I had a worse thought. You remember the man in Evelyn Waugh's book, kept eternally reading Dickens aloud in the jungle. I can think of no more terrible end to a story."

"But not perhaps very probable," I suggested. He thought that over and said: "But something like it. Besides, Waugh thought of it, so why not God?" "At all events, these people kill and eat strangers?" I prompted him, for he seemed to grow sleepy. He amended that: "*Occasionally*, they eat them." And I, willing to be liberal even in considering such disagreeable customs, said: "Ritually, no doubt?"

Brandel frowned impatiently and said, "They just eat them." He became animated again, asking me if I had ever read Garcilasso, Markham, Koch-Grünberg. In one of these authors he had read of the horror, among the officers of an Inca army, penetrating these same forests from the West, and finding cannibals whose excuse for their gastronomic uncouthness was mere economy. "The carcases of their butchered war prisoners," Brandel said, "were exposed in the village markets for sale to housewives"—he slewed his lean body round to face me, for emphasis—"by the pound." More calmly, he exposed his theory that these economical anthropophages were doubtless ancestors of the people over whom he, Brandel, had been flying.

Head of a warrior, by Leonardo da Vinci; a study in red chalk drawn for the cartoon of "The Battle of Anghiari". The actual painting on the wall of the Hall of Council, Florence, has long since disintegrated. If it had not been for the paper on which Leonardo made his preliminary studies in 1504 all record of one of the finest works of this amazing genius would have been lost to posterity. In the reproduction of great works of art the printer and the paper-maker have combined to bring the masterpieces of the world to those denied an opportunity of visiting the famous art galleries. The spread of culture depends on paper, for no paper reprinting can retain knowledge and culture for ever.

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He went on to speak of the long flight, of how, fascinated by the endless table-land of foliage, of trees seen from the wrong point of view, he had sacrificed the safety of great altitude, after the forest had begun to slope upwards with the foothills, and swung down to meet it, to skim the treetops, to be caught, just as the trees were growing sparse and the pampas appearing, by a total engine failure at five hundred feet. Long before his ears had grown accustomed to the silence, then to the sighing of the air through the idling propeller, Brandel had picked his landing ground and turned his machine towards the clearing. "Only," he said, "there was a statue in the midst of it." I repeated, surprised, "A statue?" He went on: "To me, to any European, a stone or wooden figure carved in the round, is a statue. It wasn't until my undercarriage had knocked the head off the thing, that I had time to find the right word, the un-European word, and to be terrified. It was, I supposed, an idol. What sort of a welcome could I expect at the hands of its sectaries? Religious people are so unreasonable."

"Still," he said, when he had fixed us a drink, "I was relieved not to be landing among the trees." He spoke with much feeling of the horror he felt at the indifference of vegetable creatures to human suffering. "When my mother died, I went out into our garden at Beckenham, and saw that the trees were fat and green and unchanged. It was an outrage!" Yes, he was very glad not to be landing among the trees, even though there was the danger of the broken idol. "Only," he said, "it wasn't an idol. The people among whom I landed worshipped several musical instruments. That wooden figure was, in fact, just a statue."

I looked at him sharply when he spoke of musical instruments as the Gods of these Indians. Brandel is not a whimsical man: surely he was not making a tiresomely oblique reference to some savage melomania which he had discovered and would now describe? He saw my suspicions and grinned, almost as if he were sober. "Look it up in the anthropologists," he said. "The voices of their Gods sound in their horns and drums."

"And the idol, then?" I asked, "The statue?"

He said it was a likeness of the founder of the R.S.P.C.A. and added: "It was without merit as a work of art, of course. Upton-Baring made it, an amateur. He was the chief, the *cacique* of these people. A Rutlandshire man."

Brandel found himself welcomed by a community of naked, gentle, handsome people governed, indeed, by this Upton-Baring, a name which may mean something to professional explorers, although for me it has no associations. That incongruous chieftain came, plump and red and bald, fussing out of a nearby hut of grass and banana leaves, as soon as Brandel's machine touched down. He tutted and nodded and blinked and was amazed over Brandel's explanations, waved aside, but rather peevishly, as if with an effort of politeness, of ungracious forbearance, Brandel's apologies for breaking the statue. "My people," Upton-Baring said, "will be sorry. But then, you know, we can mend it, we can put the head back. Oh, yes, we can certainly do that."

Brandel imitated, convincingly, the fussy manner, the tuts and nods and pauses, the excessive intensity of attention which characterised Upton-Baring, and which, in some mysterious fashion, thrust back the jungle, the enormous grass, the banana palms, the copper, mongoloid faces of his people and their unself-conscious nakedness. None of these exotic properties could maintain their claim to reality against Upton-Baring's manner, which invoked, in their place, the bleak and muddy football field on a November day of lowering sky, or the bare, ill-furnished Parish hall, the Toc-H meeting, with strong tea and weak theology. "I recognised him at once, you know."

"Upton-Baring? You knew him?"

"The type, he was only that, I knew. He was a games master at a not very good public school, or a Scout master, fat knees absurd beneath tight shorts, mustering small boys on a drafty railway station, or the active, bustling, essentially secular clergyman embarrassed by any reference to God. Oh, yes I knew him, the unanimal man—no longer a boy, yet not and never to be quite an adult—sexless, passionless, cheerful and good."

But I gathered from Brandel's account of him that there was more than this to Upton-Baring: after all, his schoolboys, his wolf-cubs, his British Legionaries were, in fact, a savage, superstitious and man-eating people from back beyond the Old Stone Age, who presumably were less tractable than the more usual charges of the "type" with whom Brandel identified his jungle host. Moreover Upton-Baring was mad, splendidly mad in the sense that St. Francis Xavier was mad. If his immaturity, that sexlessness and want of passion Brandel described, forbade him to rise to the love of men, still, his love of beasts was singular, excessive and, another mark of saintliness, free from the vitiating humour of rational intellects. The erection of the statue, there in the Guiana highlands and for the edification of savages, makes that clear. It was an act of faith..

It was typical of Brandel that he saw little and said less of the savages. Savages did not interest him, he was incapable of absorption in the elaborate refinements of totem and tabu. What he liked in civilisation, its essence for him, was simplicity, the anarchy of liberty and loneliness. The numerous rules of the complex and obscure communism characteristic of primitives, were distasteful to him. He did, indeed, show some interest in their music, their midnight concerts of strange and ancient instruments, from even the sight of which the women of the tribe were excluded, but whose sounds they could hear, the voices of Gods and spirits, speaking always nocturnally, to their menfolk. But even this divinely inspired cacophony repelled him, was painful to his ear and disgusting to his intelligence.

He was more interested in the astonishing reform wrought by Upton-Baring in the matter of the treatment of animals. The explorer had, in fact, reduced the people, by the force of his will, to a diet of manioc, bananas and fish. "For some reason," Brandel said, "he excluded fish from that mercy he extended to the rest of the animal creation, excepting, perhaps, man."

Upton-Baring had not, of course, convinced the savages of the evil of cruelty, the horror of their rough and fearful traps and of their bestial indifference to animal pain. He had bullied them into obeying his injunctions with all the overwhelming virtue of his own righteousness. He had been practical, too; there was the statue, a symbol of his injunctions, a visible mnemonic. And his power over the savage mind derived not only from his goodness, but from his great secrets and his riches. He commanded resources they could not understand; he dispensed hundreds of yards of the red cottons and rayons they adored and coveted, not to speak of tools of steel, harder and sharper than anything they had imagined. Moreover, his drugs were consistently successful in curing their sick.

Brandel said that a message about the spare part he needed for the aircraft was sent by a runner, who might take two, perhaps three weeks to arrive at the coast. He passed the time in fly-fishing. I asked where he found the gear and game for this sport. As to the gear, Upton-Baring lent it, the finest of its kind, for the explorer himself had a passion for fly-fishing which might explain his cruelty to fish. As for the game, in the highland streams there were rainbows running up to ten pounds, like the great trout of New Zealand.

Brandel fished all day, only occasionally going among the savages, as when Upton-Baring invited him to witness an initiation ceremony. The boy candidates went through some senseless rigamarole, which included tearing apart and eating a simulacrum of an armadillo, which was made of manioc flour bound with some edible gum. Formerly, until Upton-Baring had succeeded in substituting this vegetable symbol, a living armadillo had been used, had been rent and eaten almost alive.

One evening, while Brandel sat on beside a stream after the fish had ceased to rise, bored in that wilderness which he could not long pretend much resembled the lovely and artificial European scene, he happened to notice that the flies got no respite, despite the satiation or indolence of the fish. For, as darkness approached rapidly in those low latitudes, there came from all sides great numbers of bats, who hawked for flies just above the water. "These bats," Brandel said, "were not the great or small vampires of the country, but, much like our own, small, grotesque and inaudibly shrill. I watched them, very quick and not ungraceful, as they hawked over the still reach of the stream. And, in the cruelty of faint melancholy and of idleness, it came into my mind that I might catch a bat with a fly, as I did trout."

It was a queer notion, yet it somehow suited him, I thought. Certainly, he would never be brutally indifferent to suffering but might, on occasion, be cruel for his own cool pleasure. He said: "I began to cast and several times bats swooped on my fly, but each time sheered off as if they detected a fraud. Then, about the tenth cast, a bat took the fly, when it was in the air, in the middle of my cast. I cannot, as a rule, hear the cry of a bat, but this one screamed audibly as I struck. It kept on the wing as I reeled in the line, holding the line, fantastically, parallel to the ground. Then the little beast lost its balance on the air, and fell, and I dragged it to me, waddling and flapping. I took it in my hand to disengage the hook. It felt like a purse warm from the pocket, but pulsing . . . a purse with a heart filling it. It stank. I stood there holding it, disgusted by the blood that came from its mouth, and a moment later I was down in the mud, fighting for my life with two naked savages. At first, instinctively, I fought back, but when I came to my senses, I stayed still and let them bind me. They carried me to the men's long house, and flung me down there. It was an hour before Upton-Baring came."

It seems that Upton-Baring was now a very different man from the stout, genial Scoutmasterly fellow who had played host to Brandel in his out-

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landish house. He was white, he sweated, he spoke curtly and with difficulty, and all this because of the cold rage which possessed him. He accused Brandel of wanton cruelty to the bat, for his savages had reported to him what they had seen. Brandel, unable to suppose that Upton-Baring would refuse him help, objected mildly that his cruelty had not been wanton, but thoughtless. "I was bored," he said, "and surely you, as a fly fisherman can see how, once I had a notion to take a bat with a fly, I had to try it?"

But his defence made no impression. "Cruelty to animals" Upton-Baring said, "is the crime I can never forgive. Never!" He spoke with cold passion, and for the first time Brandel was afraid. He knew, suddenly, that he had no means of communication with this eccentric, this fanatic. He asked, what would happen to him. "Do you mean to punish me?" he asked.

"I shall leave you," Upton-Baring replied, "to my people. They will deal with you according to their traditions."

"And what," Brandel had asked, "is entailed in this regard for ancient customs?" To that, Upton-Baring replied with a cool, deliberate ferocity, that the savages would cut open their victim with a stone knife, tear out his living heart as an offering to the God, and then, when he was dead, dismember, cook and eat him. Upton-Baring spoke in a manner which left no doubt that he spoke the truth, and that he would do nothing to help his guest. "An hour later," Brandel said, "an aircraft arrived from the coast, with my spare part. Upton-Baring saw it coming, and came to release me, silent, sullen and unforgiving."

Brandel told me no more until I, wanting a tidier end to his story, said: "So, but for that, you'd have been eaten?"

"I dare say," he replied, "I don't know. I had one other argument which I intended to try on Upton-Baring, who was, I think, a very just man. I thought of reminding him that man is also an animal."

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

PRIMITIVES AND SOPHISTICATION

THE large exhibition of Contemporary French Primitives at the Marlborough Gallery makes it worth while analysing the pleasure we derive from such work. It is, of course, a sophisticated pleasure, as the fantastically high prices of the paintings on show prove. It is also different in kind from the pleasure or inspiration we experience in front of mature, traditional works. A mature work of art moves us in so far as it intensifies and gives greater significance to an experience which we have already had or are imaginatively capable of having. A Primitive work delights us because it presents an experience we would like to share but actually cannot. (The great Douanier was a genius apart.) Standing in front of a Primitive painting we really say to ourselves, "If only the world were as innocent as that"; or, perhaps more accurately, "If only I could see it as innocently as that—all motives uncomplicated, cities built of so many neat bricks, cars and buses as inconsequential as the ones on roundabouts." Thus, the essence of Primitive works is their exotic quality, their presentation of an unattainable vision. And the paradox is that, although our appreciation of them is consequently "escapist"—it is impossible to conceive of a tragic Primitive painting—they are in themselves honest works. Or, at least, are honest so long as their painters (unlike Guérin in this show) remain unaware of the charm we find in them. This honesty and directness is also evident in the way they are painted. Untroubled by any doubts, such painters use the pigment naturally and therefore well, bringing to the task a practical sense and patience which they have often acquired through ordinary manual work.

Of the eight painters included in this exhibition, my own favourite is Camille Bombois, who was once a strong-man in a circus. His vision is somewhat similar to that of the vulgar postcard: the same crude health (breasts and buttocks cannoning off each other like billiard balls), the same implied sensuality, the same easy sense of fun—but, combined with these, a lyricism. His work is a sort of blarney which he believes himself. One can imagine that his river scenes with their blue skies and luxuriant trees are how he might picture and propose a day on the river to his girl; or that his circus scenes are how, rolling up his sleeves and asking her to feel his biceps, he might describe his past. I also enjoy Vivin whose views of Paris have no sense of any particular scene, but are all aspects of a non-existent French city as spry and precise as an early Charlie Chaplin film; and Paul Bertheau, whose vision is really child-like and whose perspectiveless buildings are perched on the very edge of the world which he almost persuades us is as flat as was once believed; and Léon Greffe, a concierge, whose fine decanters look like crystals and whose buildings have the friendly domesticity of familiar furniture.

André Bauchant, although much praised, I find less acceptable. His feeling for his subjects—flowerpieces and pastoral landscapes with rather classical figures—is more traditional. One can go half-way to meet him, and so, sharing his original experience, be forced to recognise the shortcomings of his unprofessional talent. His pictures have a genuine poetry and a gentle unity of colour, but these are qualities that one can discover in the work of many sensitive amateurs. And the difference between an amateur and a Primitive is that it is the naivety of an amateur's technique—not of his view of the world—which occasionally gives his work an odd charm. An amateur's work is sometimes interesting because of its expressive ambiguity: a Primitive's work because of its unimaginable authority.

JOHN BERGER

TELEVISION NOTES

Press Conference is the kind of addition to the television schedule which, in one form or another, should find a permanent place. Its value depends entirely on the quality of the men and women invited to face the journalistic probe—they must be people in a position of power and they must be personalities in their own right. They must also be fearless, unevasive in their answers, and we must recognise that their fearlessness is part of their authority. Herr Ernst Reuter, Mayor of Berlin, was magnificent; he personified responsibility. He reminded me of Charles Laughton, pausing like a great bear before lifting his head to reply smiling to the verbal onslaught. The journalists riddled him with questions which turned always on the durability of Berlin in the East-West struggle.—The position of Berlin, he said, was better than at any time since the War; he was unshakable in his confidence that it would become the capital of a united Germany, whatever it might have to endure in the process.

Miss Caryl Doncaster's last programme in the series *The Rising Twenties*, which dealt with the point of view and problems of teen-agers, recreated the home and factory life of a girl in the Potteries. This was a very difficult thing to do; but Patricia Evans's dialogue and a large and mostly young cast, managed to create a sense of actuality, of unscripted speech, and the immediacy of a real place and real people. Occasionally, an over-stress in the acting, the unevenness of

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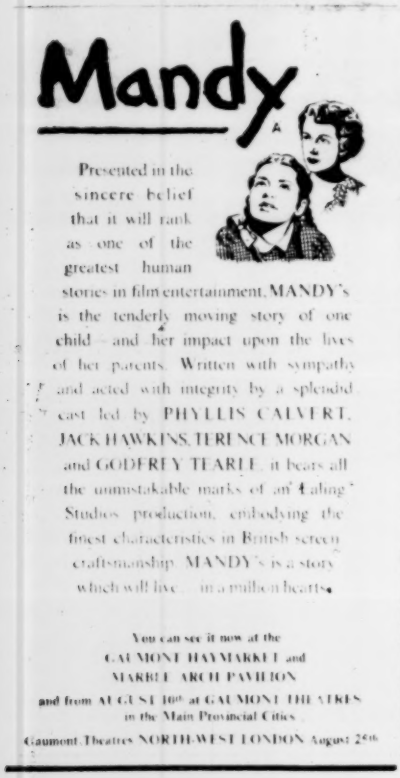
someone trying a little too hard, created a momentary feeling of artifice. This moving little story of a girl's revolt against working in the local factory because its routine did not satisfy her young imagination until the right job was found for her, was done with both style and sincerity.

The Whip was an outstanding new play, written and directed by Royston Morley, the well-known television producer. Given only the benefit of one performance, it should be repeated as soon as possible. It was an incisively dramatic study of an ambitious Left-wing M.P., who is also a wealthy industrialist. His problem is whether he is prepared to risk his political career by acting on his own initiative against the policy of his Party on the issue of equal pay for women. His mistress, a beautiful woman working in the Ministry to which he has been recently appointed a junior Minister, makes this issue a decisive one in their personal relationship. The play hits hard at men who are prepared to advocate expediency in party policy and deviation from principles which the party has pledged itself to support.

Villiers, the junior Minister, was excellently played by Eric Portman, and there were good performances by Helen Shingler, Clifford Evans, Terence Alexander and Edward Chapman. I would like to pay this new play the compliment of saying that it might well have grown into a great play had the characterisation of Villiers and his lover been more sensitive. Villiers was too easily launched into rather pompous quarrels with his mistress, while she was sometimes given dialogue which seemed too hard and rhetorical to suggest the strong, sensitive, intelligent woman that she is undoubtedly intended to be. The result is that the issue between them becomes less deeply moving than it might have been, less moving, in fact, than the fine words given to Evan Griffiths, the miners' M.P., during a good scene in a bar in the House of Commons, for me the best scene in the play. *The Whip*, nevertheless, was a distinguished production.

ROGER MANVELL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THE MOVIES

"Gone With the Wind," at the Empire
"Tabu," at the Academy
"Mandy," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

So it has come back, the great wind-raiser, the breaker of records, and anyone who has three hours and forty minutes to spare couldn't do better than drop in at the Empire. There Scarlett (Miss Vivien Leigh, passionately devoted to her fate) does it all again; we run the gauntlet of loves and lives; the sun, rising in gold, sinks in crimson; jigs and dogs flitter away before the stalk of war: defeat looms, flames rise, rains pour down, poverty grinds some and chisels others; birth, death, lunacy, marriage and re-marriage, adventure, riches, rows, and the good earth, all lead to the discovery (with its awful threat of a sequel) that "To-morrow is another day." In excess, said Blake, lies the path to wisdom. I don't know that we shall come away any the wiser for seeing *Gone With the Wind*, which does, however, wholeheartedly parade almost every human emotion while touching none. Its desolations are the thick cream of desolation. By comparison the private warfare (which follows in Part II) between Miss Pussy and Mr. Hound somewhat lacks grandeur, though stained glass and a great staircase and the light never seen on earth do their bit; or possibly by that time our yawns have got the better of appetite. Even more fascinating than the film itself is its balance sheet. We aren't told how much money it has made, but—to pick out one of the smaller items—it has been seen in America, *three or more times*, by 5,500,000 people.

The more modest revival at the Academy brings back Flaherty, or at any rate half-Flaherty. I should have preferred myself to see *Moana* with its simple rehearsal of Samoan courtship: Flaherty loved what he filmed, and the less that got between him and that love the better. More drama intrudes, in the shape of a studio legend about lovers fleeing a priestly tabu put upon a virgin. The drama itself, when (being of the silent days) it does not have to fall back on characters parchments and Europeans writing copperplate in their diaries, is not unimpressive; but *Tabu* brings most pleasure when the plot is farthest away. There are wonderfully happy scenes of bathing, dancing, canoeing, the long surf line, the feathery palms, and they do not need the avenging threat (with a good deal of Brahmsian concord) to make them beautiful. But we must be thankful for poetry where we can find it.

With *Mandy* also we suffer from the intrusive plot. The theme here is a child born deaf who, after a long difficult struggle, is taught to speak. Everything that concerns this small girl—her isolation, fears, longings, helplessness—touch us painfully, and surely there is excitement enough in the broken approaches to speech. But story determines otherwise. Almost as painful, though in a different way, are the stock figures of family drama who loom, in skilful but rather pointless close-ups, over the tiny central figure. The real and the artificial collide hopelessly when Mandy's first articulate utterance is followed promptly by an innocent embrace of mother and schoolmaster, which is seen by a neighbour, who tells a lawyer, who is an obstructive force on the board of governors etc., etc. Mr. Jack Hobbs and Miss Nancy Price, as the headmaster and founder of this special school, come best out of the novelettish tangle. The teaching scenes have been very well taken off-guard, and Mandy—thanks to the extraordinary sympathy of the director, Alexander Mackendick—has the appeal not only of her situation but of herself.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Théâtre de Mime Français, at the Lyric, Hammersmith

The title suggested something elegant and sophisticated in the way of entertainment. It was therefore surprising to be faced with five all but naked people emitting that peculiar kind of body soulfulness that is in some way redolent of nudist propaganda. The Body Beautiful played an important part in this display of mime, for it was mime of the body and not of the face; but owing to the top lighting and the spiritual preoccupation of the mimics, their human forms appeared strangely unnatural. It may have been that they were over-anxious to seem at ease with themselves. The programme opened with "The Passage of Man on Earth," which consisted of serious and simple body writhings; there were "Illusory Actions," such as rowing, cycling, boxing, and so on; and then four trees, dressed in what I can only describe as green diapers. Etienne Decroux, founder and director of this form of expression, was the most expert, but he was not convincing as "Old Men"—old men seldom walk leaning backwards. Again, when Marise Flach made an action that I interpreted as shutting a window, it was performed sloppily. In any mime all kinds of behaviour must be accurately observed and performed: no amount of spiritual uplift will make up for technical weakness.

A. F.

Annual Review of Works by Artists of Gallery Gimpel Fils

This is a varied and interesting show despite some fatuous canvases on which paint has been poured and dribbled—literally. There is a large, impressive painting by Denis Williams who appears to have worked through his rather tortured expressionism. In this new picture he has painted a complex, imaginary structure which seems half organic and half mechanical. Radial slats like those on a winnowing machine, but which might also be bamboo stalks, revolve and clash around a central pivot: the whole organisation evoking the sort of colour-clang of sun-light on metal. After a while the claustrophobic intensity of the slats and the occasional compression of the design—as in the top right-hand corner—become disturbing because they lack any specific emotional justification; but many passages are most lucidly painted and the picture again proves that Williams is an uncompromising artist, developing fast. George Fairley's Hermanesque *Man Plucking Chickens* is a brave work but the monumentality of the hands is somewhat let down by the indecisive forms of the face and head. Kenneth Armitage's flattened figures are witty and intriguing. They are, however, much more suited to bronze, when their shape seems to be the result of beating, than to terra-cotta. The most properly original works in the show are those by Nan Reid. Her man sitting at a jazzy marble bar in which red lamp-shades are reflected, is a work of imaginative integrity.

J. B.

"Miss Hargreaves," at the Royal Court

A rhapsodical spinster—niece to a Duke, authoress of a slim volume of verse commemorating her pash for a Cambridge parson—descends (with her harp, dog and parrot) on an absent-minded bookseller and his wife, in response to their son's overworked imagination. Miss Hargreaves (Margaret Rutherford) enters to Cathedral chimes and the clash of teacups. Soon she gets out of hand. She becomes Lady Constance Hargreaves, the bossy tyrant, the sinister Egeria of Cornford. Eventually, she has to be popped back into the young man's dream-box. This is the kind of whimsy that only the English attempt since only they can bring it off, and only English audiences can bear it. Mr. Frank Baker does bring it off—or, very nearly. He is helped by an admirable supporting cast that includes John Justin, George Curzon, Pat Sandys and Stringer Davies, and by Joan Kemp-Welch's sensitive and skilful production. Miss Kemp-Welch has produced everyone superbly, except the star herself, who is never Miss Hargreaves but always and inescapably our one and only Miss Rutherford. Her languishing oeillades and fantastic bonnets, the modish yellow-check travelling clothes in which she arrives—none of it can conceal that famous quarter-deck roll and proud ship's-figurehead chin for very long. It is the price our best character actors and actresses invariably pay for stardom. Whatever Mr. Baker may think, we suspect that the real Miss Hargreaves was quite different—as small as Dora Spenlow, as sharp as a new pin and as charged with passion as Mr. De la Mare's midget.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

FRIENDS OF ATLANTIC UNION

SIR,—It appears from Sir Hartley Shawcross's letter that he and his "all-party" colleagues have overlooked a fundamental fact in politics: men judge persons and organisations in public life only by what they know of them. Sir Hartley may try to explain his point of view—that "Atlantic Union" doesn't really mean Atlantic Union, but actually means union of the "Atlantic Brotherhood," which in turn doesn't really mean union of the White brethren surrounding the Atlantic Ocean, but actually, thanks to the British Commonwealth bridge, means union of almost everybody—till he is blue in the face; but the average Asian, receiving news by word of mouth (and probably most headline-scanning Westerners as well) will still assume, as did the unimaginative *N.S. & N.*, that anyone who calls himself a "Friend of Atlantic Union" is in some degree an enemy of the East; or at very least is not quite so friendly to the idea of union away from the Atlantic. One does not have to be very "disingenuous" to proceed from this assumption to the probably mistaken notion that the Atlantic Unionists have a more-than-sentimental attachment to old-fashioned ideas of racist imperialism.

It is hinted that, by association with America, Western Europe will become a partner in Point IV activities, and under this aura the Union will receive spontaneous outbursts of affection from the rest of the world. This is hardly likely, however, since, even without Union, America has shown far greater interest in giving Europe's children a crate of "Coke" and a machine-gun apiece than in proffering India's schoolchildren a plateful of rice.

Sir Hartley opened his letter with the assertion that the *N.S. & N.* pursues an anti-American policy. As an Englishman sojourning in the U.S.A., I am convinced that your journal follows the only pro-American course possible, since it is the duty of a good neighbour to try to restrain his friends from suicide.

EWAN CAMERON

New York 14.

SIR,—I am genuinely sorry that Professor Goodhart should have considered my letter on Atlantic Union one of "vulgar abuse." While I wish to offer no excuses but only apologies for any offence which I might have committed against good manners, it may just be conceivable that Professor Goodhart sees in Justice Roberts chiefly a distinguished legal colleague and scholar while I myself am only interested in the strictly political activities of the American judge.

Professor Goodhart states that Justice Roberts supported "the liberal wing." This may have been the case in his Supreme Court decisions; as a politician I still have to call Justice Roberts a reactionary Republican. Professor Goodhart will, no doubt, remember the collection of Republicans who wanted, in 1940, Justice Roberts to be their "Stop Dewey" Republican presidential candidate. The political liberalism of the Republican-Roberts group seemed to me, and still seems to me, more akin to that of Joe McCarthy than to the true liberalism of a Bob LaFollette.

Professor Goodhart calls my reference to the origin of Atlantic Union "untrue." I have therefore to be somewhat more elaborate. Already in 1945 Justice Roberts was strongly opposed to the United Nations and advocated a, to my mind, strongly aggressive "World Federation", to the exclusion of all non-democratic states, under American (and, I maintain, chiefly Republican) leadership. He published the following declaration on October 16, 1945, from which these are the relevant extracts:

> The United Nations Charter is inadequate and behind the times. In place of the present United Nations Organisation there must be substituted a World Federal Government . . . Simultaneously with efforts to obtain a World Federal Government, the United States should explore the possibilities of forming a nuclear union with nations where individual liberty exists as a step toward the projected World Government.

Two conclusions seem to me abundantly clear from this statement. First, that the Atlantic Union (which Justice Roberts founded shortly afterwards) is, in the founder's own words, merely "a nuclear union"—a step toward what I consider a highly dangerous or utterly nonsensical U.S. "World Government."

Secondly, Justice Roberts admits in his own words that he wants to scratch the United Nations and wants to put his own new organisation in its place—a policy which, incidentally, completely contradicts Sir Hartley Shawcross's assurance in your issue of July 26, 1952, that "it is not true that the Atlantic Union Committee discards the United Nations."

25 Park West, PETER F. WIENER
London, W.2.

TRADE UNION DEMOCRACY

SIR,—That most trade unionists are "passive card-carriers" rather than "militants" is hardly a revelation. Mr. Joseph Goldstein's recent book on the Transport and General Workers Union does little more than footnote a well known fact—commented upon by the Webbs as long ago as 1894. That the ratio of activists to card-carriers has worsened is the result of the increased membership in the movement, which inevitably brings in the least active workers, and its successes.

It is regrettable that instead of examining the causes of working-class apathy, Goldstein permitted himself a number of all too hasty generalisations. But his sins are as nothing to those of your editorialist who wrote your July 12 comments on the book.

Your writer states "the trade union bureaucracy reacts adversely to every sign of rank-and-file vitality, because they see in it a threat to the lazy *status quo*." Goldstein's evidence gives no warrant for such a remark. Contradicting it is the union's own educational programme—the scope of which Goldstein neglects to describe—and T. & G.W.U.'s support of other working-class educational bodies like the W.E.A. and the N.C.L.C., as well as T.U.C.'s education programmes. He implies, too, that Mr. Arthur Deakin and other T. & G.W.U. officials are hypocritical in their often repeated pleas to the membership to participate more fully in the life of the union. To anyone with the slightest knowledge of the work load of most trade union officials in Britain, the phrase "lazy *status quo*" has a false ring.

What Mr. Deakin has criticised in the dockers' activities in the past few years has not been their militancy, but their failure to express it through regular trade union channels—the only channels which lead to the joint machinery for the settlement of grievances.

Goldstein's actual evidence documents the disinterest of most rank-and-file unionists. He points out that there is no indication that this results from the misuse of their power by the union's officials. In fact, he shows that one cause of the prevailing apathy is satisfaction with their work. It is indeed remarkable that your writer has twisted this into evidence of dark designs by Mr. Deakin and his colleagues. Such malfeasance as Goldstein uncovered was committed by the local lay leaders, not the "bureaucrats."

No doubt, trade union leaders in most countries deserve criticism for not devising more imaginative programmes to increase membership participation in the unions' operation. The unwillingness of both union leaders and educationalists to provide courses for the average, not just the exceptional member, their disregard of new teaching techniques and the use of audio-visual aids is deplorable, but it is hardly immoral. Pro-labour intellectuals are more likely to be of help in solving the problem of working-class inactivity if they turn their attention to improving adult education methods—in whose administration they predominate—than they are by pursuing their hobby of baiting trade union leadership.

And what contribution, may I ask, could a Royal Commission make to the solution of this problem—or the equally vital one of shop steward training, or the modernisation of trade union structure and the clarification of the steward's role? Is a Royal Commission really a likely body to propose ways and

Which year's model? Ever since 1769 (when a certain French artilleryman fell out of a self-propelled three wheeler) the automobile industry has been planning ahead. What will it offer us in 1962? Gas-turbines seem a probable. Gas-discharge lighting? . . . regenerative braking? . . . stepless transmission? . . . When the next decade's new model rolls off the assembly line, TI technicians will share in the achievement. For then, as now, TI will be ready with many of the parts to make the whole, from the components of the axles and steering columns to the seats of today — or their unheard-of equivalents to come. Ready with the bicycle of 1962, which you might not recognise. Ready with the road signs, which you certainly will.
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menace of increasing working-class militancy? Its most probable recommendations would be for changes in union rules that would—prior to the actual solution of the problems—force union officials and local leaders to engage in the wholesale falsification of ballots. (The only case of ballot falsification which Goldstein cites as involving the national leadership was in response to the impossible requirements of a law.) Another recommendation might well be for government supervision of strike ballots and elections. Is this what THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION wants to inflict on the trade union movement?

Finally, may I suggest that the unions alone cannot be expected to solve all of the problems which confront them. If one wants a more alert trade union membership—and certainly we all should—some drastic overhauling of the basic educational system must be had. Unless habits of group participation, and a confidence in the small group's ability to democratically influence big things, is instilled in children, it is not going to be found in the average adult. Until Britain is willing to tackle this task, all it can realistically ask of union leaders is that they try to get 10 per cent instead of three per cent seriously involved in the unions' affairs.

4 rue Picot, WILLIAM C. GAUSMANN
Paris XVI

CATHOLIC CONSCIENCE

SIR,—Mr Crossman in his article "The Age of Treason" writes: "This belief in the inner light is, of course, condemned by Communists as well as Catholics as spiritual arrogance. They demand that individual conscience should humble itself before authority." But Catholic teaching is not what Mr. Crossman assumes it to be. It is, on the contrary, that all actions are sinful if done without the conviction of doing what is right. The dictates of conscience must always be obeyed. Voltaire spent his life in the vindication of the principle that no man must be forced to accept the teaching of the Church against his better knowledge. If a man did disobey his conscience, he would act wrongly because he would knowingly and freely act against what he considers to be the law of God. St. Paul says: "All that is not of faith is sin." This doctrine was not invented in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and it is one professed by Protestants, Catholics and Jews to-day, who have been, and are being, imprisoned for their faith in Communist countries.

That conscience needs no authority is not Christian teaching. The question is *what* authority. Christians believe not that man is a law unto himself but that there is a law, deep rooted in nature, having its justification outside itself. Passion and ignorance can easily pervert that law, and in order fully to recognise it, there is need for man's intellectual, moral and religious education so that the good, the happy and the rational life can be lived. I must conclude that in Mr. Crossman's identification of the Communist and Catholic idea of conscience there is a good deal of either ignorance or passion. ROLAND HILL

243 Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

CENTRAL AFRICA

SIR,—Had Simon Zukas, who was recently recommended for deportation from Northern Rhodesia, carried on similar political activity in the Union of South Africa, no trial would have taken place. This statement will probably surprise many of the readers of this journal, but the proposition would be readily accepted in the Union. It is also extremely likely that had Zukas worked in Southern Rhodesia he would have been brought to trial.

The statement of the London Committee of the United Central Africa Association, in talking of the "sinister shadow of apartheid," seems to overlook the fact that the strictest "apartheid" had been observed for years in Southern Rhodesia. Pass laws, restrictions in the acquisition of skill and severe shortage of schools, homes and medical services apply to Africans in Southern Rhodesia as they do to Africans in the Union. African wages are considerably lower in Southern Rhodesia than in the Union. I have lived in both territories for some years and have taken the trouble to compare African conditions; Southern Rhodesia certainly does not emerge favourably from the comparisons.

Sir Godfrey Huggins has assured the waverers in Southern Rhodesia that the Europeans will be in a position to amend the Federal Constitution should they desire to do so. Africans are hardly likely to embrace such an arrangement, whereby even what appear to be a few concessions are subject to amendment by the European settlers, acting alone. The Europeans are in no mood to make real concessions to the Africans because their ascendancy is so real, so backed by power. The permanent European population does not intend voluntarily sharing power. This group considers that its only hope of hanging on to White supremacy is to monopolise political power. The African Affairs Board, Native Representative Councils, Advisory Boards, Bungas and so on, are mere "talking shops" or, as the authorities prefer, "safety-valves"; they do not represent political power. Such will be the pattern in the proposed Central Africa Federation, should it be formed.

Although Sir Godfrey Huggins and a section supporting him are strongly in favour of federation, a large body of Europeans, possibly a majority, are against federation. They are in the dilemma of facing what appear to them to be twin threats; from the South the threat of Afrikanerdom and from the North the threat of African Nationalism. This group wish to stand alone and to work for Dominion sfatus. This, indeed, would be a pathetic Dominion. Should Southern Rhodesia stand on its own it could in fact remain a self-governing colony, in spite of change of name and having a governor-general in place of a governor.

Federation would deal a severe blow to the Africans of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Instead of orientating themselves towards the awakening African nationalism in the North, federation would force the Union and Southern Rhodesian pattern of Native policy on them. Should federation be forced through, these Africans and others farther North would conclude that so long as a comparative handful of European settlers voice their demands loudly enough, their demands will be met by the British Government, in spite of strong opposition from millions of Africans. The federation issue is being followed with great interest in many parts of the Continent; it is considered to be a test of the British Government, no less than a test of the African opposition in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. RHODESIAN

ON PAIN

SIR,—My excuse for presuming to comment on C. E. M. Joad's essay and the subsequent correspondence is that I was recently invited to address a learned society on this subject. In order to discharge this duty I was obliged to explore the literature and I can assure Mr. Joad that so far from being "sparse" it is probably unequalled in volume by any other medical subject; Mr. Joad has contributed his quota without adding much to our knowledge.

Modern research on pain begins with Sir Thomas Lewis ("Pain," 1942), and it is salutary to reflect on how few of his observations have subsequently had to be revised. The experimental investigations at Cornell University under the leadership of Dr. H. Wolff, who happens to be in this country at the moment, are embodied in some hundreds of published papers and this research continues; other publications are legion. Mr. Joad should be more familiar than am I with those dealing with the purely philosophical aspects of the problem.

That so much work has produced such a relatively small result is, I think, due to several causes the chief of which are:

(1) the lack of any adequate definition of pain.

(2) the notion fostered by many lexicographers and some poets that pain is an emotion (e.g., the opposite of pleasure). Pain, although it may have psychical adjuncts, is dependent on certain specific end-organs and their nervous connections with the brain. Emotion may be experienced in the absence of such apparatus.

(3) the complexity of the subject, the main difficulty being that personal experience of the phenomenon must always be clouded by personal judgment, owing to the duality of the pain mechanism (i.e., its peripheral and central components, or "perception" and "reaction").

I agree with Mr. Clarke (July 5), except that I think his para. 5 requires some qualification. The *immediate* treatment of pain is of necessity in the hands of young, relatively inexperienced, doctors, a fact which may explain some of the incidents related by Dr. Girby (July 12). Others may be accounted for by para. 3 above. Furthermore, as I am sure Dr. Girby knows, pain is an important symptom—the more obscure its cause the more important it may become, so that masking it by analgesics is often dangerous and may increase the difficulty of accurate diagnosis.

It is impossible to comment profitably on all the citations of Dr. Knight (July 19) without further information. Her relative who was removed to a nursing home may by that time have either been experiencing a lesser degree of pain (change of environment can alter "reaction") or reached a state beyond human aid, where symptomatic relief was all there was to offer. The fact that the patient was then a paying patient would, on the face of it, appear to be irrelevant.

In general, however, the critically ill patient who still has a chance of survival is not always the ideal subject for the administration of analgesics.

I mention Dr. Knight's letter in order to illustrate the importance of supplying adequate information (from which the writer then makes deductions) so that readers can form their own opinions on the validity of such deductions. In this instance they may or may not be correct. I am in entire agreement that there is no justification for complacency on the treatment of pain, but the pitfalls of drawing conclusions from one's own experience or that of near and dear friends is obvious. CONSULTANT

PROGRESSIVE SMUT

SIR,—A possible explanation of your competitors' partiality for the obscene which agitates Mr. John Hayward can be found in Havelock Ellis's "Impressions and Comments" (27:11. 1922).

Certainly, into every great and true picture of life there must necessarily enter both its obverse and reverse sides, not only the revelation of the stage but the intimation of what Lucretius called *postscenia vitae*. Without an element of the obscene there can be no true and deep æsthetic or moral conception of life. . . . Only those who have been well trained in watching the stage of life can dare successfully to complete the picture by revealing life behind the scene. . . . That . . . no doubt, is why the merely loose and small, undisciplined men can never rightly be obscene, however hard they try. It is only the great men who are truly obscene.

Surbiton, Surrey. GADFAN MORRIS

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Books in General

In an age dominated by natural science, poetry shows signs of becoming a sort of grumbling appendix—an organ of no obvious utility that seems to exist merely in order to cause intermittent twinges of distress. In this context poetry includes all imaginative writing; and the worry about its epistemological status is as old as Plato. Is poetry all lies; and if so, how much does this matter? Or is it, as later Platonisers would say, a Higher Kind of Truth? Since the Enlightenment the problem has been simplified. Empirical philosophy has known what to do with the higher kind of truth; it has sent it to join the phœnix and the cockatrice—there ain't no such animal. And on the whole it has been right. The simpler kind of claim that poetry gives direct access to a heaven of ideas is hardly to be sustained. The age of reason, which certainly showed no decline in the production of poetry, found an easy answer by distinguishing with increasing sharpness between what was believed as fact and what was enjoyed as fancy. But as the content of the romantic fancy became richer and more inclusive, it became less easy to write it off as mere play. Coleridge revived the old transcendentalist claims—perhaps went very near to doing so in a form acceptable to the modern world. But the rising tide of positivism was not stemmed; and as the nineteenth century passes into the twentieth there is a profusion of efforts to fit poetry somehow or other into a system of thought that has really no room for it.

About twenty years ago the fashionable doctrine was that of I. A. Richards. It was the critical counterpart to logical positivism; or at least, it was partly that, partly an answer to the positivist challenge. The doctrines of linguistic analysis, promulgated in this country by Wittgenstein, vulgarised by A. J. Ayer, left us not with two kinds of truth, but simply with truth and nonsense. Truth belongs to those propositions that are empirically verifiable—the statements of physical science or observation: the rest, including ethics and metaphysics, is nonsense. Nonsense in a highly specialised sense, but still nonsense—not wrong or right, but simply devoid of meaning. This, of course, left very little to talk about, a difficulty that was felt by Frank Ramsay, the logician. "I think we realise too little," he wrote, "how often our arguments are of this form: A: 'I went to Grantchester this afternoon.' B: 'No, I didn't.'" And he came to the conclusion towards the end of his undergraduate days not only that we cannot discuss works of art, but that there is really nothing to discuss at all. A state of affairs highly satisfactory to many dons who thus painlessly attain the state of schizophrenic inaccessibility that is their Nirvana. But this is death to the literary critic; imagine the plight of the man of letters who has nothing left to discuss. From this impasse the revelation of Richards came to deliver us.

The things we do with language are not, from the literary point of view, properly divided into sense and nonsense, but into referential and emotive statements. The first refer to actual objects or states of affairs (*Petrol is a hydrocarbon*, or *I have put the cat out*): the second, whatever their apparent formal resemblance to the first, do not refer to anything; they are uttered to excite certain emotional attitudes in the hearer (*Beauty is truth*, or *Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon with the old moon in her arm*). For the first, "truth is ultimately a matter of verification as this is understood in the laboratory"; for the second "'truth' is primarily acceptability by some attitude." The statements of poetry are of the latter class; it would be waste of time to examine their truth, but we are saved from the desperate position of Frank Ramsay for we can still discuss what attitudes they excite, and by what machinery they excite them. William Empson has gone on doing this from *Seven Types of Ambiguity* to *The Structure of Complex Words*. There was a lot more, too, about what the proper attitudes were going to save us from, and some kind of yet unrevealed psychology that was to demonstrate what arrangement of attitudes was best. But here we enter the domain of scientific romance. Thus poetry was saved from being nonsense or undiscussable by becoming a sort of psychological therapeutics. But its claim to be or to convey any kind of knowledge was gone.

Against all this a still small voice was raised in Owen Barfield's *Poetic Diction*.* Not against anyone in particular, for both appearances of the book, the first in 1928 and the second in 1952, were particularly ill-judged for polemical success. It is not a polemical book—it makes its own point, and is well aware that it is in opposition, but it does not enter the lists against its immediate contemporary opponents. The first edition notices Ogden's and Richards's *The Meaning of Meaning*, but leaves the Ricardian doctrine about poetry untouched: and the new preface to the second edition tackles the Richards doctrine when surely no one outside America believes it any more, and notices logical positivism just when that once straight and narrow stream is spreading out into a swamp. But, for all its neglect of timing and attack, it remains an almost solitary witness to a theory of poetry that has had no considerable defender since Coleridge.

Mr. Barfield is also concerned with language and meaning, especially as they appear in poetry. He asserts that the special effect of poetry is experienced as a change of consciousness, a shift on to a new level. And the change is felt, not deduced by logical or semantic analysis. They have their turn later—a good deal of the book is concerned with linguistic theory. This part of the argument starts from the well-worn doctrine of "dead" metaphor—that most of the abstract words in the language once had a material reference: when we ponder something we are really weighing it, when we consider we are really worrying about the stars, the spirit does but mean the breath, and so forth. At this rate the language ought to be getting more metaphorical (and so more adapted for poetry) all the time. Notoriously, this is not the case: for in fact such words have become the flattest of counters; we are not even subconsciously aware of them as metaphors. The creators of metaphor were not our generation, who carelessly use this linguistic detritus, but our forefathers who transferred the names of simple material operations to the metal and intellectual world.

So, more or less, runs the orthodox account. This involves the supposition that in the infancy of society there occurred what Max Muller called "the metaphorical period," when primitive man, possessing names only for material objects and operations, suddenly gets into his head a whole range of abstract notions for which he metaphorically fashions names out of the material at his command. How charming are these bright rationalist pictures of primitive man, how one envies him his simple and lucid pleasures—murdering his father in order to get possession of the womenfolk, organising the social contract to safeguard the property he has thus acquired, and finally inventing the whole vocabulary of philosophy out of the rude materials found in the vicinity of his hut. How charming, but how unhelpful. And as far as language is concerned, disastrous. Such a way of thought imposes on language at the start the straitjacket of abstraction, regards this as the norm of linguistic functioning, and is therefore compelled to explain away all other uses of language; the poetical as "emotive"; the language of ethics and religion as nonsense.

The argument that Mr. Barfield uses against this is the central part of his book. The common view is that the earliest words in use were the names of sensible material objects and nothing more. Abstract meanings were superimposed on these by a consciously metaphorical process. Mr. Barfield would say that the words never were the names of material objects and nothing more. They were the names of material objects *and* a cluster of thoughts and feelings that are present with them, only later separated by abstraction. Or, if you like, material objects were not objects and nothing more; they were not isolated from thinking and feeling. The earliest words comprised in a single meaning both a material object and a whole cluster of human experiences; but they were not separable; such distinctions do not arise for primitive man, as they do not for the infant.

> Afterwards, in the development of language and thought, these single meanings split up into contrasted pairs—the abstract and the concrete, particular and general, objective and subjective. And the poesy felt by us to reside in ancient language consists just in this, that, out of our later, analytic, subjective consciousness, a consciousness which has been brought about along with and partly because of this splitting up of meaning, we are led back to experience the original unity.

The use of language to point to verifiable fact, and the use to evoke or echo feelings and desires are now separable, but they were originally one. *Poetic Diction* is not an easy book, but if I understand its argument rightly it is that to any fundamental view of human discourse they are still one. The importance of poetry is that in a time fragmented by abstraction it restores this primal unity. An injection of this doctrine would certainly be extremely invigorating to criticism: Mr. Barfield claims more; he is also, he says, advancing a theory of knowledge. And here, like Scheherazade, I discreetly fall silent. But for those who find that there is nothing left to discuss, here at least is a possible topic.

* *Poetic Diction*. By OWEN BARFIELD. *Faber*. 18s.

It is to be hoped that the reappearance of this book, with a new and moderately topical preface, will revive attention to its thesis. One is bound to confess that the author has not done much to make things easy. He turns rather disconcertingly from flogging dead horses to a brisk contemporary skirmish. Whatever the original nature of language, this kind of discussion would perhaps be better conducted in a rather drier style than he chooses to employ. And instead of a new preface, perhaps a new version of the book was really needed to bring it into line with contemporary intellectual targets. But we must be grateful for what we get. What we get is an extremely pregnant idea, whose applications are far-reaching and by no means easy to make. Perhaps one should hope that others will continue to work on the suggestions with which Mr. Barfield provides us. If this is done, the results may well be important, perhaps beyond the field of poetry and criticism.

GRAHAM HOUGH

EVENING ON THE BOYNE

The Boyne at Navan swam in light,
Where children headlong through the trees
Plunged down the sward, and nicked the bright
Precarious evening with unease.

Swans at the bottom of a vale,
Sailing rapidly from sight,
Made the sweet arrangement fail
And emptied all the precious light.

A moment later all was well,
The light was full, the ranks were closed;
The fields of flags, the wading mill,
Withdrew again, once more composed.

But what had happened? Who had made
This mirror tremble and subside?
The evening by what eye betrayed
Winced, like a curtain drawn aside?

The shutter of some active mind,
Panicked by a glide of swans,
Closing, made all nature blind,
Then photographed itself at once.

O bleak and lunar emptiness,
How many eyes were then belied?
A God's, a man's, a swan's, and, yes,
The very flags were iris-eyed!

DONALD DAVIE

EASTERN SHORE

The orchard oriole sings in the sweet-gum bough.

The whole Virginian Tidewater flamed high
With qualities and climates to endow
That efflorescence of integrity.
This ridge of sand and swamp still bears them now.

For where, in Accomac, wax-myrtles shade
White portico against the hot sun's harm,
Wealth, birth and power lose all doctrine's aid;
The heart spells out tradition, kinship, charm.

The diaspora of that ancient race
Hear always in a commerce of confusion
Cities and standards of an alien face
Around them like articulate illusion,

Till, when they meet, they smell the Chesapeake
Breeze and see the humming-bird that sips
Magnolia bloom upon the ripened brick,
And the heart's language reaches for their lips.

The snapping-turtle drifts upon the swampland creek.

ROBERT CONQUEST

FULL CIRCLE

Revolution in China. By C. P. FITZGERALD. *Cresset Press.* 21*s.*

A shrewd observer said in Peking recently, "Good to see the Chinese being, for a time, so un-Chinese!" The burden of Professor Fitzgerald's informed and cogent book is that they are not being so un-Chinese, and that it is not "for a time." Mao Tse-tung's New Democracy, he argues very convincingly, has come to stay. It is not a democracy as we understand it: there is no voting, no parliamentarianism, no rival parties, no opposition about it. The regime is only democratic in claiming to act for the people, to be the authoritarian ruler of the Jen Min Kung Ho Kuo—the People's Public Harmony State. But then authoritarian rule is what China is accustomed to. Totalitarianism is traditional there. What matters is public support, which this Government has: the farmers and the civil service class are solidly and increasingly for it. That, Professor Fitzgerald finds, is always the key fact in Chinese politics. If the farmers and the intellectuals back a Government, it stands. Without either, it is helpless. To the detached but sympathetic eye of this historian, the New Democracy is no more new than it is democratic. The Revolution in China has truly revolved. After feverishly trying on Western fashions, China has come round again—with a difference—to the ways which have suited it in the past.

Why had it to go through such a century of agony and effort to find itself? Technical insufficiency, and the consciousness of being outdated are a large part of the answer. A Westerner in China can hardly help feeling like a germ, an all but imperceptible speck diffusing notions and practices deadly to his host. Two decades ago, these things seemed about to pull Chinese culture apart and throw it on the scrap-heap. It was not only science and new techniques, it was social experiment and indecorum too: new liberties for women, for example. Western girls attired as bathing beauties sprawling about the train at Shanhaikuan! That was a breaking through of the Chinese Wall indeed. Modesty is as much part of Confucianism as even the Model Past. What perhaps disturbed the Chinese most deeply was the foreigner's dream of the possibility in a near future of a way of living fit to make the Confucian Golden Age look silly. That was two decades ago. Two years ago, China—as represented by Peking—seemed to be turning the tables. Girls with pistols on their belts collected the railway tickets and a demonstration all-girl engine crew hauled a Tientsin-Peking train. The endangered host has taken charge of the disease and it is the invading microbe that seems likely to feel out-dated.

The Chinese collapse was sudden enough. As Professor Fitzgerald says in a vivid image,

> The Westerners banged heavily upon the barred door of the Chinese world; to the amazement of all, within and without, the great structure, riddled by white ants, thereupon suddenly collapsed, leaving the surprised Europeans still holding the door handle.

But the recovery has been suddener still. The oldest and sickest civilisation has become, while we watched, the robustest young hopeful.

The great merit of Professor Fitzgerald's rich and closely reasoned account is, that he puts these immense events into an inteligible historical perspective. (No doubt his position as Reader in Far Eastern History in the Australian National University, after years in China, has helped him to this perspective.) The great pillars of the Chinese past: its self-sustaining isolationism as the only and Universal Empire, its Confucianism as "the only conceivable expression of civilisation" were the very sources of its weakness once they were challenged. Professor Fitzgerald traces with great skill their replacement—the Universal Empire by the World Communist Movement; Confucianism by Marxism-Leninism enriched by Mao Tse-tung's contribution to that treasury.

> It became necessary to find a doctrine which should speak with the tone of authority and conviction which the Chinese expect from orthodoxy, which should prescribe positive measures for putting the world to rights, and which should not base itself and its claims upon supernatural sanctions and beliefs which the Chinese educated class could not share.

Hence, in part, the failure of Christianity—on which Professor Fitzgerald has a painful and penetrating chapter. The need for such a doctrine also explains the lack of devotion to intellectual freedom which has surprised and distressed the West. As the author points out, it is the Academics in the narrower sense, the philosophers, who—by Western ideals, at least—most value such freedom. How long can they thrive without free world contact? Technicians are being given such a chance as never before. Professor Fitzgerald believes that there is evidence that Chinese scientists' advice is frequently followed by the Government in preference to that of Russian advisers. He takes, however, in his last pages, this matter of intellectual freedom to be the "supreme question concerning the future of the New China and the outcome of the Revolution," and he draws a very interesting eye-witness contrast, familiar to all who were in Peking in 1950, between the Chinese Communists' "confidence, intelligence, purpose and devotion . . . a somewhat fanatical earnest demeanour," and the Russians, "without any expression at all . . . like stage characters acting the part of automata."

"In China and in present circumstances." These are the all-important qualifications Mao Tse-tung put upon even his answer to the question: "Who are the people?" Perhaps, as circumstances become easier, policy may become more elastic too. Professor Fitzgerald doubts this, but not despairingly. His last three chapters conjecture what the Peking policy as to the Western Powers, the Far East and Russia may really be; they are full of clean, dispassionate and thorough thinking. He believes that the Korean war caught the Peking Propaganda Department unprepared, which suggests perhaps that they may not have their policies as fully worked out as their enemies suppose. On the evidence, he does not encourage the view that Moscow does much dictating. As to why Peking has been treating the United Kingdom so rudely, he concludes that they do not think we matter and that the Chinese people may as well be taught so.

It is a sign of Professor Fitzgerald's largeness of view that he thinks China's most urgent problem is population. We know what should happen as famine and disease control extend and the industrialisation programme expands. But Peking is silent on this. Is it because population problems were not stressed in Marxism? Or because they raise a grave question with Russia? The chief emigration stream would go into Siberia. Or is the silence due to intense study which will result in a comprehensive world Communist policy?

The author's views will no doubt arouse strong feeling in various quarters—on both sides, he will hope. "The criticism of enemies," he remarks, "is never listened to nor taken into account by the devout." Can a book as calm and sane as this, itself devoted to a tradition of impartial reflection, gain a wide enough hearing on both sides?

DOROTHY PILLEY RICHARDS

THE HUMANE BULLDOZER

The Life and Times of Sir Edwin Chadwick. By S. E. FINER. *Methuen.* 42*s.*

The name of Edwin Chadwick, the great Victorian administrator and pioneer of social hygiene, who was driven out of official life nearly a hundred years ago, is still remembered, but his reputation has suffered from undeserved belittlement, and no full-dress life has hitherto been attempted. The true story of his astonishing career, from his apprenticeship under Bentham and his circle, to his dismissal under Palmerston, has now been disinterred by Professor Finer from private papers and correspondence, and from countless inaccessible minute books and forgotten Government reports. The result of these

industrious researches is to reveal Chadwick as a man of much greater stature than even his contemporaries imagined. So vast was the range of his activities that this definitive life is also a most important addition to the history of nineteenth-century political thought and development. Perhaps its most original feature is the light it throws on the minor figures who were working behind the still solid façade of aristocratic privilege to forge the shape of Victorian England, and thus of our own times. The tone of the book is judicial and sympathetic to contemporary conditions, but sometimes Professor Finer wisely allows his "blood to boil" over the iniquities he unearths. His handling of complicated episodes such as the long and dreary struggle for the control of London administration is masterly; the stories have never been told with a richer background of period knowledge.

Even if it were true that Chadwick originated no ideas himself, it would be ungenerous to deny a touch of genius to the man who first really grasped and attempted to apply practically the notion of *prevention* to pauperism, crime and disease, who outdistanced the medical profession in his conceptions of hygiene and whose reports were the "wonder of the age" for their breadth and accuracy. His minor achievements included the invention of the administrative audit, of the half-time system for the factory child; in the 'Forties he was already advocating employers' liability for accidents, a school medical service and an educational programme—hardly implemented yet. He was the first and one of the greatest of social planners, a worthy ancestor of the Webbs and Beveridge. But what of the notorious faults of temperament which are blamed for wrecking his career and bringing so many of his plans to naught? In a brilliant analysis of this complex character, Professor Finer shows that the popular estimate is largely sustained by his new evidence. Chadwick "cared passionately for his fellow human beings but he did not understand them nor see any necessity to do so." When his theories were involved he was capable of incredible inhumanity, as in the famous instance of his persistent refusal of outdoor relief to the starving thousands hit by mass unemployment in the North. He was not ashamed to admit that he wanted a more efficient police force mainly to crush the opposition to his hated poor-law regulations and to break strikes. At times he behaved less like a follower of Bentham than a precursor of Mussolini.

One of the most valuable features of this book is, however, that for the first time the student is given a fair estimate of the difficulties which confronted Chadwick in what the author calls the "behind the Looking-glass world" of the Eighteen-Thirties. He could not be fairly blamed for insisting on the need for centralised administration when English local government was a welter of corruption and confusion, admirably described here. It was "Centralisation or nothing." At the Poor Law Board he was never allowed by the Commissioners, who had been appointed over his head, to put his constructive suggestions into action. They sincerely believed that the idea of segregating lunatics or educating pauper children or seeking out causes of pauperism, were just the sort of extravagant nonsense one could expect from a Benthamite theorist. In the second and best-known phase of his career, when he was trying to prevent England from being poisoned by foul water, accumulations of excrement and rotting corpses, he became inevitably the target of a horde of wealthy vested interests, and when his powerful friends, Ashley and Morpeth, were translated to the House of Lords by the deaths of their fathers, he was left without adequate support. But, as before, his own gigantic egotism played a part in his ultimate defeat. The truth was that his schemes for the national control of water and sewage demanded technical knowledge far beyond the very rudimentary capacities of the sanitary engineers of the day. This great bulldozer of a man sought to solve the problem by becoming his own technician, by pinning his faith to an untried system and by taking sides violently in controversies he imperfectly understood. The engineers, a ruthless, swashbuckling crowd described in a fascinating chapter, were naturally furious and used their powerful influence to expose his mistakes and to end his career. It was a costly triumph for the people of England, who had to endure another twenty-five years of inflated death-rates before sanitary reformers recovered the strength to move forwards towards Chadwick's goal.

By an ironical turn of fate, Chadwick was condemned to devote the last thirty-five years of his life to a task he had always thought unnecessary, the education of public opinion. To it he gave all his dæmonic energy until his death at ninety. This reviewer can remember the old man vividly in the last year of his life, living with great simplicity in order that he might leave substantial funds to perpetuate his sanitary ideals for all time. What he would have thought of the Welfare State must fortunately remain an enigma, but every citizen of it owes him a debt which Professor Finer's magnificent tribute has done something to discharge.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

MUSICA ANTIQUA

Claudio Monterverdi. By H. F. REDLICH. Translated by KATHLEEN DALE. *Oxford*. 21*s*.
Source Readings in Music History. Edited by OLIVER STRUNK. *Faber*. 63*s*.

We have grown familiar with the jargon of art-historians, and indeed we can all trot out, when required, suitably esoteric phrases. Now that *musica antiqua* shows signs, thanks to the Third Programme, of becoming a fashionable subject, a prestige-vocabulary of its own will have to be constructed. The earnest student will find a rich source in Dr. Redlich's new book. On page 164

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HEINEMANN

Paul Collaer is accused of "intransigent *Musealer Klangmaterialismus*" in his reconstruction of the great *Vespers* of 1610. Appalled, we fly to the glossary, where we find that this new sin is only "a tendency of some modern arrangers of old music to restore it according to the letter rather than to the spirit." Besides *Auffuhrungspraxis*, which has unfortunately become current coinage, other horrors for the connoisseur are *Akzessorisches Pointenkolorit* and *Zufallsorchester*.

This frequent and unnecessary use of ugly Middle-European expressions is the most serious blot on an otherwise excellent book. Dr. Redlich, the acknowledged authority on Monteverdi, has been content to set down the facts of his career with the minimum of padding. The background is lightly sketched in, but the reader is never overloaded with cumbrous detail. Monteverdi's works—the madrigals, the operas and the church music—are discussed with expert brevity, and Dr. Redlich sets a good example to our younger musicologists, who rejoice in the discovery of a hidden *cantus firmus*, yet so often fail to state whether or not a work is beautiful in its own right. Unlike Dr. Schrade in his recent book, Dr. Redlich makes no extravagant claims for Monteverdi as the "creator of modern music": indeed, he admits that his humanistic conception of opera was discredited soon after his death; but he points out that it has become once again a fertilising influence. For example, Britten's use of the Male and Female Chorus in *Lucretia* (though derived, of course, from Obey's drama) recalls Monteverdi's "Testo" in *Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*—where also we shall find a passage which anticipates Tarquin's Ride to Rome. Only in the section on "The Problems of Editing and Performance" does Dr. Redlich's tone become a little defensive; and when we compare his startlingly elaborate reconstruction of the *Vespers* with the bare original, we realise that he has something to defend. Is he perhaps guilty, in this case, of intransigent *Musealer Klangidealismus*? One last cavil—a book of this authority *must* have a complete list of all the works.

The general reader should not be put off by the rather portentous title of Dr. Strunk's compilation. It is, perhaps, a stiff three guineas worth; but if he can borrow a copy, he is bound to find enjoyment in this collection of extracts of writings on music from Plato to Wagner. Perhaps Dr. Strunk has cast his net too widely, for the scholar must still have recourse to the unabridged original. But *l'homme moyen* will not complain of this anthology. For the classicist there are passages from the *Republic* and the *Politics*; for the *Barockforscher* there is Artusi's attack on Monteverdi; for the lover of the 18th century there is Dr. Burney on Naples and a delicious passage from Marcello's *Teatro alla moda*; for the reader of *Opera* there is Gluck's famous preface to *Alceste*, Berlioz on *William Tell* and a long extract from Wagner's *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. If Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum* has a rather B.Mus. flavour, turn on a few pages, and there is Baron Grimm's irresistible squib, *Le Petit Prophète de Boehmisch-Broda*:

> And I saw a woman come striding in, and she came down to the front of the stage and shook her fists, and I judged that she was in a bad temper. . . . And she had in her hand a wand which was mysterious, because the poet had said so, and by means of that wand she could do everything and know everything, except how to sing, which she did not know at all, although she thought she did. And I heard her utter frightful shrieks, and her veins became swollen, and her face became as red as Tyrian purple. . . . And with her voice, although it was off the pitch, she called up the dead, even though she put the living to flight. . . . And I saw that they called that in France an opera, and I noted it in my tablets to jog my memory.

Perhaps our music critics to-day could imitate the 18th century, and be a little more free with their apostolic blows and knocks.

ALAN YORKE-LONG

2nd Impression

BARBARY SHORE

Norman Mailer

author of

The Naked and the Dead

'The writing in *Barbary Shore* is excellent. The characters are so unpredictable, and yet so vivid, that the final effect is intensely exciting.' TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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JONATHAN CAPE

THE TRANSCENDENTALIST'S DAUGHTER

Louisa May Alcott. By MADELEINE B. STERN. *Peter Nevill.* 21s.

The domestic novels of Louisa Alcott (1832–1888) are in their way as much a product of New England Transcendentalism as the writings of Emerson and Thoreau. It was not that her bent was philosophical—far from it; though these thinkers, and others less eminent, were familiar figures in the Alcott household, while Emerson in particular did much to direct the young Louisa's reading (chiefly to Goethe, Shakespeare and Carlyle). But she also had, from the peculiar Alcott upbringing, the ingrained experience of a transcendentalist's views in action. Her father, the volatile visionary Bronson Alcott (who occupies, in the *Oxford Companion*, rather more than twice the space allotted to his daughter) had, in his much-enduring wife and his four children, at least one group of constant if involuntary disciples for his educational and domestic theories. Thus, childhood for the Alcott girls was associated with a diet of water, apples, cold potatoes and unleavened bread (in the interests of animals and slaves, not milk, cheese or sugar); clothes of linen (not cotton or wool); a restless moving from place to place; poverty; permanent visitors who contributed little but the new dogma that had gained them a welcome. One, Charles Lane from England, nearly persuaded the suggestible Mr. Alcott that non-celibate family life was an error, and that he should leave his wife and daughters for an all-male community.

At what point the Alcotts abandoned the more rigorous of these practices is never made clear in the present biography. What is certain is that the energetic and loyal Louisa, the second of the four girls, became, as soon as she was able, the chief support of the transcendentalist's household. The sources were varied and ill-paid: rough housework, sewing, teaching, and a stream of pseudonymous writings ranging from fairy fables to melodramatic fiction. During the Civil War she served as a nurse in a makeshift military hospital at Georgetown where, after a gruesome month or two, she fell ill and nearly died of typhoid. In the role of companion she managed a journey to Europe. She was thirty-five before she produced—much against her will—that most vivid family novel, *Little Women*, and became an admired and prosperous author.

Little Women (1868) was written to satisfy an insistent publisher, who was determined that she should give him "a girls' novel." "I plod away," she noted, "though I don't enjoy this sort of thing. Never liked girls or knew many, except my sisters; but our queer plays and experiences may prove interesting, though I doubt it." The plodding took from first to last two and a half months; the success was immediate and enduring. So close a picture is it of the author's background that any variations from the original are worth attention. The Alcott poverty, remarks Miss Stern, had to be "glossed over and sentimentalised." "Father," she adds, "must be muffled, for the author realised that he would be atypical in a book on the American home." But Father's role, though vague, is unfailingly noble. ("I think it was so splendid in Father," says one of the girls, "to go as a chaplain when he was too old to be drafted and not strong enough for a soldier.") Alas, he appropriates not only Louisa's war service but, later, Louisa's illness, the highest bid for sympathy allowed to any fictional character. In the light of autobiographical fact, however, we may be rather less exasperated by her refusal to allow Jo March to marry the eligible Laurie. Miss Alcott had not, I think, the same impulse to mortify her heroines as the Anglican Miss Yonge (whose books she so much enjoyed). The explanation was surely a simpler one; what was unacceptable in life she could hardly force to happen in print. Obliged to find a husband for Jo to satisfy her readers, she invented the improbable Professor Bhaer, based, one writer (not Miss Stern) has suggested, on her early impressions of Goethe.

Good Wives supplies a further point of interest in the guilt that Jo is made to feel at the sensational "trash" by which she first earned money. Jo's shame is not soon forgotten. In life, however, both Louisa and her family appear to look on those early, highly coloured works with at least an affectionate pride. What is more strange is that in later days, as a reaction from her popular moral novels with their recommendations to temperance, plain food, sensible clothing and simple family life, she turned for outlet to another shocker, in which a Mephistophelian character named Jasper seeks to gain the pure soul of Gladys by offering her "hasheesh enclosed in a *bonbonnière* of tortoise shell and silver." We should not be misled; Miss Alcott's devotion to hard work and good causes was genuine enough; suffragism and the defeat of slavery meant more to her than literary success. We may recall in passing, however, her passion for acting; and that she was guest of honour at a New York reception given to welcome Oscar Wilde to the city. They shared the same publisher.

Miss Stern's biography is well produced and has a pretty jacket; inside, however (apart from a bibliography of Miss Alcott's writings), the work is both laborious and vague. Dates are scarce; so is the terse statement or the illuminating criticism. Of the two or three biographical manners that Miss Stern tries out, the first, the fictional-romantic, prevents her from giving a clear account of those important early days, for we see them only through the eyes of the child Louisa. This refusal to assess or interpret seems almost wilful, as if the family were all still living. What is her view of Louisa's place in American literature? Of Louisa's father's experiments? For Bronson Alcott, like the rest of his family (except, through her own vitality, its heroine) remains shadowy. We know, however, that he outlived his wife and his two youngest daughters; that he was 89, and in a far better state of health than Louisa when they died, almost to a day, in the March of 1888.

NAOMI LEWIS

NEW NOVELS

Count d'Orgel Opens the Ball. By RAYMOND RADIGUET. *Harvill Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Sugar House. By ANTONIA WHITE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fires in the Distance. By JAMES COURAGE. *Constable.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Radiguet, like Chatterton, is one of the great literary "Ifs." If he had not died of typhoid at twenty, leaving two novels and a number of poems, what might he not have accomplished? In his very interesting essay, written some years ago, Mr. Martin Turnell scouted the idea of assessing the writer's eventual importance.

> Instead [he wrote] one is tempted to speculate about the books he might have written had he lived. This seems to me equally fruitless. *Le Diable au corps* is a tour de force which could never have been repeated; and *le Bal du comte d'Orgel* owes too much to the memory of Mme de La Fayette for us to talk of possible technical developments.

Radiguet's second novel, originally published in 1924, has now been Englished for the first time. It is a love story—one of the best ever written—but a love story with a difference. It deals with states of feeling, climates of the heart, rather than with the blind god's shifts and stratagems. A romance, certainly, yet one in which, as its author declared, "It is the psychology that is romantic."

François de Séryeuse, young, well born, a reflective drifter down the turbid social stream of the Parisian Twenties, meets Comte Anne d'Orgel and his wife, Mahaut. He falls in love with the Comtesse, or, rather, at the slow pavane-pace at which everything in this book proceeds, *l'amour venait de s'installer en lui*. The Count is vain and seductive, his private life is lived in public. Gratified to find that his attentions are flattering to the young man, he makes him his best friend. François, in his turn, dissembles his feelings for Mahaut; she remains unaware of hers. When she does realise them she is appalled and, in her distress, visits François' mother, ostensibly to confess her attachment, sub-consciously to discover if it is returned. Mme de Séryeuse, the tranquil widow who has lived only for one man, becomes unwittingly a go-between. It is just one more instance of the kind of bitter-sweet irony in which the book abounds.

The climax—and I think it is far more of a climax than Mr. Turnell seems to give it credit for being—occurs at a dinner-party given by the Count to plan his forthcoming ball. An extra place has been laid for a Tsarist refugee who has arrived penniless from Moscow. After dinner, the guests begin to practise dressing-up. The party gets quickly out of hand.

> . . . This bad taste soon reached a climax. Orgel, who had again vanished, reappeared with Naroumov's Tyrolese felt hat on his head. He outlined a few steps of a Russian dance. This confusion of folk-lore, the green hat with the cock's feather, excited laughter. Only the Prince did not seem to enjoy this act.
>
> "Excuse me," he said, "that hat is mine. It was given me by Austrian friends who had nothing else to offer."
>
> A horrible chill paralysed the revellers. In the hubbub the presence of Naroumov had been forgotten. He now assumed the figure of a judge calling the unrighteous to order, awakening the respect due to his misfortune.

Mahaut, who has been relying on her husband to counteract her feeling for François, is dumbfounded at his "inferiority." He has failed to "display nobility." Heroically, to deceive François, she joins in the Count's buffoonery. Her pretence of bad taste succeeds. Only Naroumov, because he has suffered, realises there is a reason behind it.

At surface level there is much more in this book than Mr. Turnell's gloss indicates. The minor characters—Paul, the Quai d'Orsay careerist, the Princesse d'Austerlitz (randy, middle-aged and comfortable) and her American friend, Hester Wayne (randier, younger, unhappier), are cleverly observed. And Radiguet catches the whole mental climate of Paris, 1920, the mood of the frightened, victorious old man who fears his laurels will be useless as lightning-conductors for *la Bolchevisme*. It is the atmosphere that pervades the third volume of Paul Cambon's correspondence; the novelist puts it all in four pages, when he describes a smart limousine breaking down on the way to a night-club outside Paris. The sweating chauffeur, the tiaras gleaming in the gaslight, the changing mood of the crowd—ugly at first, but won over by a glass of the Princesse's port—it is the same phoney tension, the affected fear of the *canaille*, that Stendhal guyed in *Lamiel*.

Yet, in the last analysis, this is a love story, an account, clinical yet tender, of the heart's complexities. They have seldom been so beautifully handled as by this dying twenty-year-old Frenchman. His book is in the great tradition of the *Princesse de Clèves*. Much of the misunderstanding and suspicion that that tradition arouses in England would be removed if descriptive labels like "intellectual" or "cerebral" were not applied to it. *Point Counter-Point* is an "intellectual" novel; *Adolphe* is no more "intellectual" than *David Copperfield*. All the phrase means is that a certain kind of French novel is wise about the heart.

Miss White's novel belongs to a type of fiction that I feared had almost vanished—namely, sentimental tragi-comedy. It is a *genre* which only Mr. Compton Mackenzie in our lifetime has mastered successfully, and it is a far more difficult thing to bring off than many more pretentious ones. To be effective, it demands wit, gaiety, perception, effervescent powers of narrative, and the kind of good writing that is easy on the eye and ear. Such qualities can no longer be taken for granted in the English novel. Miss White, however, has brought the trick off magnificently. I must frankly admit that I found *The Sugar House* as entertaining—and, in its own way, as moving—as anything I have read this year.

To judge it by Procrustean standards, one would have to write the book off as a magazine serial. The heroine, though enchanting, is commonplace; the plot—save for one brilliant and reticent twist—is hackneyed; the psychology is jejune. Yet, such is the compelling drive of the writer's imagination, that we have succumbed to all three within the first fifty pages. Miss White has a wonderful ability to render natural feelings naturally—a much more difficult, though a much less esteemed feat, than "realism." Clara Batchelor begins this book as a flapper in a third-rate touring company, head over heels in love with a stagey ex-officer who reads *The Shropshire Lad* aloud to her in the hammiest of theatrical "digs." When we take leave of her, her marriage to a silly, pathetic young man named Archie is on the point of being annulled for impotence. Between lies an oasis of "rose pink and properties."

Miss White's characters may not be original, but they have life, they exist in the mind as people and not as "types." She can endue the most banal occasions—a tipsy couple singing an old hit-tune, someone rehearsing the first steps of a dance routine, the plop of the gas fire in a Chelsea studio—with a period vibrancy. Her Twenties ambience is not twopence but shilling-coloured. She has done for her generation what *Carnival* did for its predecessor. It is no mean achievement.

Mr. Courage also harks back to the Twenties. But what a different Twenties it is! *Fires in the Distance* is the tale of an English family settled on a farm in New Zealand, and plain description conveys no idea of just how coyly embarrassing such a setting can be. "Pater" drinks, "Mater" wanders about the house in her old kimono, lamenting her lost youth, languidly playing the piano or "lifting tired eyes" to members of her family; Leo, the son, an excitable youth, who tells his mother what to wear and does the cooking, is firmly heading for neurosis; Katherine, the daughter, is all tangled up with her emotions.

> "... Tell me more about the poetry you write, won't you?" she smiled, teasingly: "Or is it wrong of me to ask?".
>
> He grimaced. "Oh, I just write about—well, about Nature—and, you know, things that come into one's head."
>
> "They don't come into the heads I know," she laughed. "Or if they do, they stay there."

Mr. Courage's book succeeds in the sense that *Young England* was a success on the stage. To be fully enjoyed, it should be read out aloud.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Victorian Flower Garden. By GEOFFREY TAYLOR. *Skeffington.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

English gardens have been many different kinds of lovesome thing, from Elizabethan herbariums and Augustan exercises in the Gothick to Atomic suburbia's tasteless amalgam of dahlias, rockery and privet. Mr. Taylor takes us back to an age of horticultural ostentation and extravagance; a period when the English discovered that flowers, hitherto valued for their medicinal or sentimental associations, could also be used in a striking manner to illustrate the wealth and power of their cultivators.

It was the age of Paxton's glass temple for the giant water-lily at Chatsworth, of the pernicious system of "bedding-out" which has left its mark on every municipal *parterre*, and of fearful perils undergone by plant-collectors in the cutthroat scramble for new exotics. David Douglas, to whom we owe the Evening Primrose fell into a pit dug by Sandwich Islanders and was gored to death by a wild bull which had preceded him; Robert Fortune spent eight years in China, hunting the yellow camellia; David Burke went native and died miserably in New Guinea. Mr. Taylor is lavish with his anecdotes. He reveals that the widow of Mr. Tradescant, who gave his name to the Spiderwort, drowned herself on learning that her husband had left his collection of curios to Elias Ashmole; that a Mrs. Sinkins Pink forms part of the armorial bearings of Slough; that the self-consciously voluminous Miss Jekyll would never allow young men to walk behind her through her garden; and that the Victorians supposed every weeping-willow in England to be a female

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until a male was introduced from St. Helena. There was nothing simple about Victorian gardening: a primrose by the river's brim was a challenge to ingenuity, a thing to be freaked, magnified, "improved" and at last dragooned by the thousand into a passable imitation of a Turkey carpet. Mr. Taylor, with wit and tact, has made all this sound charming and has produced the perfect present for a gardening friend.

Lucifer and Prometheus: A Study of Milton's Satan. By R. J. Zwi Werblowsky. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

This book is an attempt to trace the lineage, heritage and generally the psychological habitat of the Lord of Evil. Milton's Satan, as one of the more interesting manifestations, is selected for a learned analysis which hinges on the ambiguity in the poet's presentation. This problem is not a new one, and the author, in acknowledging his debt to previous writers, provides a useful brief summary of their views. Unfortunately, however, he inherits the method of split presentation from Milton himself, and there is an unclosed breach between the literary approach, which is felt to be somehow necessary but inadequate in solving the problems of Satanic dichotomy, and that of Jungian psychology, which has all his genuine approval. Valiantly resisting the temptation to apply "a *tiefen-psychologische* analysis of Milton's person (typological, animus-anima relation and the like)" he confines himself to dissection of Lucifer and of the sympathetic echoes he evokes in the soul not of Milton only but of all humanity.

Roughly, the problem is seen as one underlying every effort on the part of humanity to raise itself to higher levels of existence. The Hebrews, who could still regard it as a positive part of their duty to follow the call of their God, were exempt from a sense of sin in this particular respect; while the Greeks, emancipated from theocentric preoccupations, were the first to apprehend the dangers of an exclusive and soaring rationalism. It was embodied in their mythology in the figure of Prometheus, and formulated in their thought as *hubris*. Prometheus already shares a number of characteristics with Lucifer, being at once the dynamic bringer of light and a disobedient rebel against the static order of Zeus. Milton's pessimistic conclusions about civilisation—it reaches its finest heights in Hell—can thus be regarded as no more than the logical outcome of his double heritage of Hebraism and Hellenism: a possible solution to the long-drawn-out controversy as to his unconscious adherence to the devil's party.

Professor Jung, in his introduction, supports Mr. Werblowsky's claims for the legitimacy of his angle of approach, and sketches in, briefly, an illuminating background. The book, despite the fissure which runs through it, has both specialised and general interest.

The Immaculate Forest. By W. R. Philipson. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The Sierra de la Macarena lies in Colombia some thirty miles east of the Andes, its sandstone cliffs rising above the Amazon and Orinoco plains. Most of it was unexplored but helped by excellent maps and photographs we can now follow Dr. Philipson's expedition, hacking a path through virgin forest, pulling mules up muddy slopes and casting about time and again for a route to the summit. The Sierra is uninhabited and interest is centred on the forest and the search for specimens. The descriptions are vivid and precise, with interesting asides on many animals that are never seen in inhabited areas. Though the writing is sober we are taken from our seemingly safe brickland habitat and realise that we are men living in a natural order. A disturbing thought: but when we leave the immaculate forest the first small town can offer us two cinemas, flocks of political refugees, and a beauty queen.

On the homeward boat Dr. Philipson surveys his crates of specimens; his journey is just beginning. Take one small fern; it belongs to a group (*Austrogramme*) previously found only on two sandstone mountains hundreds of miles to the east, and is minute testimony to a vast plateau of which the Macarena once formed part. We know that Dr. Philipson is busily assessing the significance of new species and distributions, but it is inevitable that in a travel book written for the general reader his explanations should be rather vague and unsatisfactory. We have not shared the inner purpose of the expedition and must identify ourselves not with the scientists but with Isidoro, who wielded an axe and hauled up the mules.

Child Artists of the Australian Bush. By M. D. Miller and F. Rutter. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

A little south of Perth there was a settlement called Carrolup. Half-prison and half-hostel, it housed, under the direction of the Government Department for Native Affairs, the worst cases of sick, criminal or disintegrating aborigines and half-castes. With appallingly inadequate amenities and supervision, it served as "a dumping place for the human refuse of Great Southern." In 1945, a talented teacher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. White, arrived there to take control of the so-called school. Gradually they established an atmosphere of confidence and trust. One of the immediate and surprising results of this was that the children began to paint. Their paintings, a number of which illustrate this book, were unexpectedly mature, and, although all very similar in style, far more complex and skilful than the paintings of normal children. Their treatment of their subjects—bush landscapes with kangaroos, possums or hunters—implied an acute, almost nostalgic, awareness of the hidden nature of their ancestral country. After a while these paintings became famous. They were exhibited and sold and there was a lot of talk about the children being given the opportunity to develop their talents further. But nothing was actually done, the school was shut down, and the children were shoved out to fend for themselves.

The authors tell this story with the best intentions. Yet it remains a somewhat unsatisfactory book. There is insufficient detailed evidence to explain the mystery of why a haphazard group of children should produce such unusual but similar work, while the broader social implications of the story are dealt with in a rather piecemeal way. The irreducible logic of the fact that if you dispossess a people and treat them as fourth-rate, they will (by your standards) become tenth-rate, is only partially accepted. Also, there is a tendency to overrate the importance of art. One has the feeling that the protest has been made, not in the name of common justice, but because these particular children were apparently talented.

A Hundred Years of Biology. By Ben Dawes *Duckworth.* 30*s.*

During the past century biology has not only itself been transformed, but has exerted a revolutionary effect on the outlook of educated people. The acceptance of organic evolution obliged us to think on a time-scale of hundreds of millions of years instead of a few thousands; by analogy, ideas of the evolution of human society were encouraged and theology and politics were profoundly influenced. The theory of natural selection helped, among other things, to stimulate the objective study of behaviour—of human and animal psychology—and prepared the way for another onslaught on the transcendental. A further unfailing source of violent and confusing controversy was provided by the study of heredity. Meanwhile, biology was being extensively and successfully applied to medicine and to food production, with effects on human ecology, which have still not been properly grasped.

Dr. Dawes, despite his title, has hardly attempted to tell any of this story. His book is for the most part an uncritical compilation, almost encyclopaedic in form, of the contemporary views and results of the principal research schools of Britain and America; the bias is explicitly zoological, but some plant biology is included. There are nineteen chapters, on subjects ranging from growth to parasites and from taxonomy to antibiotics. Although a branch of ecology—marine biology—is given a chapter, ecology as a whole (including population studies) is given only brief mention. A still less excusable omission is *method*, especially statistical analysis. Chapters are devoted to agricultural biology and to research institutes and there is a vast but not always accurate bibliography. The book may be found useful by teachers and students as a source of references, and by others as a rough guide to what is going on to-day in many of the main departments of biology. A true synthesis remains to be written.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,172

Set by Buzfuz

At a certain mental institution, a house magazine is published by and for the inmates, containing articles, poems, etc. Competitors are invited to compose an extract from a contribution to a similar magazine published by and for those undergoing the hospitality of one of the following: H.M.S. *Bounty*, Dotheboys Hall, the Foreign Legion, the Ministry of Love (*1984*), Llanabba Castle (*Decline and Fall*), or Devil's Island. Limit, 150 words. Entries by August 19.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,169

Set by Dora Forbes

W. H. Mallock once compiled the following recipe for a poem by Matthew Arnold:

Take one soul-ful of involuntary unbelief, which has been previously well flavoured with self-satisfied despair. Add to this one beautiful text of Scripture. Mix them well together, and as soon as ebullition commences, grate in finely a few regretful allusions to the New Testament and the Lake of Tiberias, one constellation of stars, half a dozen allusions to the nineteenth century, one to Goethe, one to Mont Blanc *or* the Lake of Geneva, and one also, if possible, to some personal bereavement. Flavour the whole with a mouthful of "faiths" and "infinites," and a *mixed* mouthful of "passions," "finities," and "yearnings." This class of poem is usually concluded with some question, about which we have to observe only that it shall be impossible to answer.

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word recipe for a characteristic work by T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Charles Morgan, Walter de la Mare, François Mauriac, J. P. Sartre or Angus Wilson.

Report by Dora Forbes

A really excellent entry, from which a complete *physiologie du goût littéraire* in two languages—apparently jointly compiled by Brillat-Savarin, Trismegistus and Macbeth's Witches—resulted. Nearly every recipe began well—"Take one Greymalkin, well-fed with Churchyard Yew" or "Take a noggin of Freud, a minim of Marx and a large pinch of *Angst*"—it was the going on that proved difficult. There were all the obvious wisecracks ("Serve this respectable tart without delay") and a good many unexpected ones.

J. R. Till's "Midwinter Salad" began austerely, "Remove coarse outer leaves from any vegetable mentioned in *The Golden Bough* . . ." Gin-and-bitters seemed the staple ingredient of most Angus Wilson dishes, though Patrick Dulac suggested that at the appropriate moment, one should "go to the cupboard, pull out the family skeleton, and mix with the rest," while G.J.H. advised bringing the dish "to Haywardian boiling point" before "turning out and serving on a Jacqmar scarf."

Prizes divided equally among the following:

TRIFLE ANGUS WILSON

Take your prettiest dish (never mind if it has a few tiny cracks), and line it with alternate layers of crystallised pansies, and light flakey spongers. Souse the whole liberally with wine. Now place one dehydrated man (or slightly less), in a narrow container, and smother with a middle-class mother steeped in saccharine and water. Choose a good-sized mother, with the flesh firm, or only slightly flaccid. For extra flavour, add a precarious social position. Leave the mixture to curdle. This will not take long, and it may then be added to the dish. Skim the top of a pint of wit, stiffen with restrained moral fervour, and whip up into whorls on top of the trifle. Decorate with light high-brow touches.

N.B. The secret of preparing this trifle is for the ingredients to get heated, while the cook remains perfectly cool. This will ensure exactly the wrong set.

JUNE F. MERCER

PTOMAÏNES A LA PHARISIENNE

Prenez un ou deux assortiments de parents et beaux-parents terribles, trois adolescents trop précoces, un vieillard érotomane, un jeune vicaire, un médecin matérialiste et quelques punaises de sacristie. Enroulez auteur d'une dot ou d'un héritage et laissez fermenter au soleil dans une forêt de pins jusqu'à formation d'un noeud de vipères. Ajoutez un fibrôme, des mouches, un extrait de Balzac, quelques images pieuses et malaxez pour obtenir une pâte gluante.

Assaisonnez d'un flot de mauvaise conscien e de classe et d'un gros calcul biliaire. Arrosez d'un mélange à parties égales d'eau bénite et de *tristitia post coïtum*, cuisez au feu des passions et laissez refroidir dans un confessional humide.

Quand la mixture a pris une teinte verdâtre, recueillez la dans un bicorne d'académicien et versez la par surprise dans la tasse de la victime, à qui vous ferez aussitôt administrer les derniers sacrements.

ARMAND E. JACOB

Obtain from the hand of God an animula, which should have been previously soaked in all past literature. Simmer gently (not in water, but the sound of water only) and do not time with any chronometer. Turn, bringing almost but not quite to the point of despair, then turn again, adding a cooking egg (Anglican, not Polish) and a few well-shored fragments of Elizabethan verse. Allow to dry thoroughly, mix in a dash of French or Italian, a Pound of assorted *personae*, a pocket full of currants and plenty of prose. Allude through a sieve some grated vernacular. Spice with bitter essence of prayer, and percolate authoritatively for twenty years. Prepare, separately, a rich traditional sauce, taking one part of early disillusion to four of mixed religion-and-philosophy. Serve in a theatrical mould to get the beauty of it hot. (Any left-overs can be jollied up for a snack of Auden.)

BLOOMSBURIAN

Don't be fobbed off with the American variety: genuine English Auden is easy! Just get into a check shirt (with collar attached) and soon a toughly tender phrase about Islands will suggest itself. Caution with a sharp reference to Clocks, and if the result still feels warmish, chill with a sharper allusion to Glaciers. Now introduce the roughage, remembering to combine one-legged images, *e.g.*, Amusers (sensitive)—Amazers (masked), with sturdy two-legged kinds, such as Slopes (tolerant enchanted)—Workshops (vast unnecessary). Stir briskly, and while still lumpy knead in some soothing simples from Mother Hubbard's Cupboard or Mary-Mary's Garden. Before serving, pick out and throw away a few pronouns and verbs, dust lightly with a crumb or two of Marx, rub the dish with the merest clove of Hemingway, frighten the whole with Freud and send to Christopher Isherwood, preferably on January 1st.

MARTIN JORDAN

DUTCH CHEESECAKE SPARKENBROKE

Take very thin slices of Vaughan and mock-plato. Sprinkle with a little old salt and gunroom powder. Pour into hollow vessel. Half bake. Add a French tartlet soaked in Charente brandy. Surround with the pigtails of a schoolgirlish Heloise who died of calf love. The French seem to like this dish to which they have added some *laurier académique*.

JEAN R. POISSON

CHESS: Readers' Own

No. 149

High time again to reduce that bulge in the envelope containing readers' own contributions (more of them are always welcome). I am glad that one of the successful entries again comes from a schoolboy; this time it is T. T. Godwin who, playing Black in a league match last winter, reached this position and proceeded to annihilate his opponent by

(1)		R-R4
(2)	B-Kt3	BxKt
(3)	PxB	Q-B3
(4)	P-Q5	Kt-K4
(5)	B-Q1	R-R5
(6)	P-QKt4	R-R6
(7)	B-K2?	RxBP
(8)	Q-Q1	R-KR1

Here, with less than a minute left for seven moves, White must have felt relief in resigning (not that an hour's time margin could have saved his game!). The next entry comes from one who, though only a year or two beyond school-leaving age, is a master recognised by a well deserved place in the British team at Helsinki.

What stands behind the Assistant?

. . . how is it he can carry a range of goods both large enough and varied enough to meet the most exacting requirements of all his customers? The answer lies with the W.T.A. Wholesaler, who enables retailers of textiles to stock the products of many factories and to offer their customers an unlimited choice of size, style and shade.

DISTRIBUTION FOR THE NATION IS CARRIED OUT BY MEMBERS OF THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION, 75, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

When you buy 'ASPRO' you get a MODERN medicine that gives you maximum quick action with NO harmful after-effects. 'ASPRO' hits rapidly home at colds, dispels feverishness, relieves pain and soothes the nerves. 'ASPRO' is made for RESULTS—it gives Nature the opportunity it needs to put you right without loss of time. Always keep—

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Made as purely as a perfect process CAN make it. Made with infinite care under exacting supervision. Each tablet sealed individually so that it comes to you untouched and unharmed.

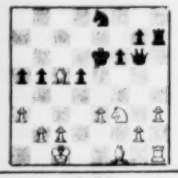
Prices: 5D (12 tablets) & 1/9 (carton) Made by ASPRO LTD. Slough, Bucks

SPECIAL LATHER for SENSITIVE SKIN
Cuticura
"CUTICURA SHAVING STICK"

It is a very fine game played by Jonathan Penrose (White) in the current Hampstead Championship.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(17) B-Kt2	P-K4	
(2) Kt-KB3	P-K3	(18) Kt-B5	PxP	
(3) P-Q4	PxP	(19) BxP	Kt-B5	
(4) KtxP	Kt-KB3	(20) Q-Kt3	Q-B4 ch	
(5) Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(21) K-R1	Kt (5)-K4	
(6) B-K2	P-QR3	(22) P-KR4	B-B1	
(7) O-O	Q-B2	(23) P-R5	R (B1)-Q1	
(8) P-B4	P-QKt4	(24) B-K3	Q-B2	
(9) P-QR3	B-Kt2	(25) R-B2	Kt-Kt3	
(10) B-B3	QKt-Q2	(26) B-Q4	Kt (Kt3)-Q2	
(11) Q-K1	B-K2	(27) QR-KB1	Q-B5	
(12) B-K3	O-O	(28) P-Kt3	Q-B1	
(13) R-Q1	KR-K1	(29) Kt-R6 ch!	PxKt	
(14) B-B1	QR-B1	(30) PxP ch	K-R1	
(15) P-KKt4	Kt-Kt3	(31) RxP	BxRP	
(16) P-Kt5	KKt-Q2	(32) RxP ch!	resigns	

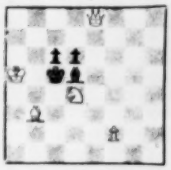
Yet another chessbook token is well earned by C. H. Brown who, having sacrificed his Q for two pieces earlier in the game, found himself in this position and proceeded to drive home his attack.



(1) B-Q3	QxKtP	
(2) R-B1	RxP?	
(3) B-B5 ch?	K-B2	
(4) BxR	Q-K7	
(5) Kt-K5 ch	K-Kt1	
(6) B-K6 ch	K-R2	

(7) R-R1 ch and mates next move.

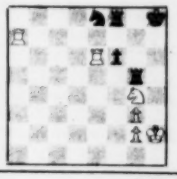
A: A.T. Roycroft 1952



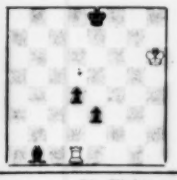
In this week's competition pride of place obviously belongs to one of the compositions sent in by readers, a two-mover by one of our most consistently successful ladder-competitors. It is a neat little piece, though simple enough to be rather over-rated with 5 points. As for **B** and **C**, our cracks may well consider them over-rated, too, with 5 and 6 points respectively, but the less experienced competitors must have their chance from time to time. **B** is a famous game position, and while the date given may facilitate research, I will not make it even easier by mentioning names. White played (1) RxKt, sure of winning after (1) . . . RxR, (2) KtxP, R-Kt2, (3) RxR, KxR, (4) KtxR ch. Yet Black saved ½ point most ingeniously. How? As for **C**—White to move and draw—I will make this instructive little study still easier by the helpful hint that the basic idea is much the same as in **B**.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 18.

B: Game position 1883



C: Stscherbina 1952



REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 19

A: *Key*: Q-B6

If (1) . . . B-R8, (2) Q-B4 ch, with mate on K3 or Q6 respectively.

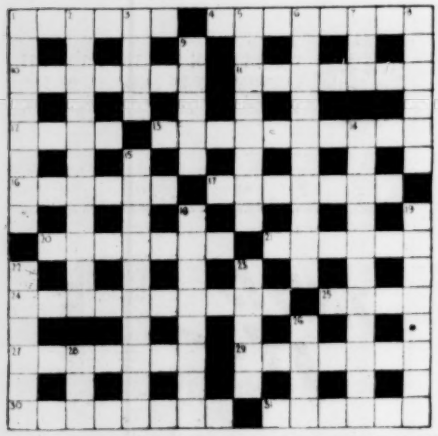
If (1) . . . B-Q4, (2) Q-R6, followed by Q-R1 mate.
If (1) . . . P-Q4, (2) Q-B1, followed by Q-QR1 mate.
If (1) . . . P-Kt4, (2) B-Q6, etc.
If (1) . . . B-K5, (2) R-Q2 ch, P x R, (3) Q-B2 mate.

B: (1) Kt-R2, K-K6, (2) Kt-Kt3 ch, K-K5, (3) Kt B6 ch, K-B4, (4) Q-B3 ch, K-K3, (5) K-Kt4, Q-Q1, (6) K-Kt5, etc.
If (3) . . . K-K6 (B5), (4) Kt x P ch, etc.
If (3) . . . K-K4, (4) Kt-Q7 ch, etc.

These two pieces (particularly **B**) seem to have proved rather more difficult than I expected. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, Leslie Hale, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSTAC

Week-end Crossword No. 8



ACROSS

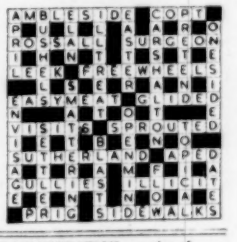
1. It is mean to give a friend a go (6).
4. Round in 72? One way of getting down to it (3, 5).
10. Austerities about our clothes (7).
11. Game and set in Wales (7).
12. It ends with the fourth letter (4).
13. Want beer or what the cargo is (10).
16. Greek orator (6).
17. It would be good taste to change the code before having a drink (7).
20. Changed and real (7).
21. Bumble, for instance (6).
24. Novelist confronted by a monster makes a savoury dish (10).
25. Ageless captivity (4).
27. Excel in open-work (7).
29. A red vehicle returns with six inside (7).
30. Fight and where the fight takes place (8).
31. Attempt at revolution in Germany (6).

DOWN

1. Bridge may form a link between them (8).
2. Coinage with a later legend (5, 6).
3. Rabble (4).
5. Beat a saint in Wales (8).
6. Footballer without a transfer fee on the high seas? (10).
7. Final without anything to say that I win the game (3).
8. A seal makes a noise like a swan (6).
9. A name highly prized in the film world (5).
14. Begging letters in circular form (5, 6).
15. A musical king with a drink for a musician (4, 6).
18. Sweet appearance of a New Zealand air map (8).
19. 29's ultimate battleground? (8).
22. Soldier returns to a French battleground for protection from the cold (6).
23. Valued fruit (5).
26. A language of India (4).
28. A letter giving the time due? (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 7



MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mnth., 10s.; 3 mnths., £1; 6 mnths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Open 6 days a week, including week-ends. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write 51 Chancery Lane, W.C. HOL. 5088.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

1949 Triumph Roadster 2000, green, 30,000 mls. Exc. cond.; engine completely overhauled last mnth. Box 2667.

BEST Lancashire make. White Cotton Sheets (a) 54in. × 90in., 11s. each; (b) 70in. × 100in., 19s. each. Pillow Slips, Housewife Style, 20in. × 30in., 6 for 16s. 6d. Pure Irish Linen Glass Cloths with coloured borders, hemmed and lettered, 20in. × 30in., 6 for 16s. 6d.; 12 for 31s. 6d. Striped Ticking, Waxed, Featherproof, 36in. wide, 7s. 6d. yd. All Orders Post and Packing 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 141), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street." (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

LEARN Shorthand by Sept. 8 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 21d. stamp. Dottons (Dept. N.S.), 93 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

CONTACT Lenses: Wear these wonder lenses while you pay for them. Choose your own Practitioner. Details from The Contact Lens Finance Co., 4 (NS) Reece Mews, South Kensington, S.W.7.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889, 6046.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

STUART House, 57 Harcourt Tce., S.W.10. Interior-sprung divans, H. & C., elec. fires, excel. bkfast. 15s. ntly.—permant. from 3gns. Owner manager. FRE. 2357.

QUIET, cultured couple wanted to share Kensington maisonette. 2 pleasant rooms & kitchen dining room. Furnished. From mid-Sept. 3gns. Box 2649.

FLAT or room to let Hampstead August 23-Sept. 20. PRI. 0312.

LARGE furn. bed-sit. room (use kitchen & bathroom), avail. Oct., in country house on bus route. Sevenoaks 3 miles. London 1 hour. Suit professional woman. Box 2745.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

FLATLET, St. John's Wood. Fully eqpd. Kit'ette, bkfast. cooker, Elec. fire, Phone, Linen. Room Service. 4½gns. CUN. 0241.

FURN. flatlets, redecorated. Bkfst., concealed basins, cookers. 47s. 6d. singles, from 72s. 6d. doubles. Chatsby Towers, 65 Nightingale Lane (Clapham South Undgrnd.)

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

WELL-furn. double bed-sit. room to let South Ken. Kitchen, plate, linen, etc. Ladies only. Terms 2gns. each. KEN. 9410.

HIGHGATE Woods. Divan-rooms, 2gns. single, £3 double. All cons. Superior well-kept house. Refs. exchd. TUDor 8207.

PLEASANT bed-sitting room with part-board for gentleman in modern flat, Bloomsbury. Near all transport. Box 2839.

STUDIO room, furnished, cooking facilities, bath, 'phone extension; 2gns., including plate, linen. SPE. 7786.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143, Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

VERY attrac., lge. rm., mod. convs., 1st floor, priv. flat Hampstead. PRI. 1562.

NEWLY decorated room, twin divans, gas-cooker, crockery; bed-linen supplied. Toilet, bath same floor. £3 10s. per week. Tel. HAM. 2796 or write Box 2817.

GRAD. & wife offer accom., ckg. facs., 2 sgle. rms. 45s. 6d. & 55s. 6d. Plsnt. home. N.W.3. No petty restricts. Box 2828.

FULL board & accom. Unorthodox young Jewish mod. house. Live as family. V. reas. N.14. 5 min. stn. Southgate. Box 2536.

A LUXURIOUS furn. dble. bedroom with H. & C. running water, gas fire & ring, 3gns. wkly.; ditto single 35s. Apply mornings only, 89a Alexandra Road, London, N.W.8.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

PLEASANT, comf. furn. rm. Suit yng. lady. 1st flr. S. Kensington. FRE. 2881.

HAMPSTEAD mid-Sept. share attract. furn. house. Gdn., phone, frig., all cons. 1 min. Tube, suit 1-2; 4-5gns. Box 2795.

ST. John's Wood: Small divan room to modern block, suit professional man. CUN. 9179 before 9 a.m., after 7 p.m.

RICHMOND, close Station and Terrace, two single divan rooms. C.H.W., cooking facilities. Partial cent. htng. Garden. Box 2761.

N. DEVON farmhouse: Small s/c furnished flat to let Sept. onwards. 7 miles Barnstaple. One bedroom. Rent 3gns. weekly including electric light & hot water. Box 2766.

YOUNG prof. couple, wife Indian, husband British, urgently requires furn. unfurn. flat rooms, preferably S.C., South East London, but grateful any offer.—Box 2763.

PROF. woman urg. needs inexp. studio/flat, fur. unfur. Cent. London, St. Marylebone, Hampstead. Reliable tenant. Box 2701.

BACHELOR, 30, public school, English, seeks share flat, London, with one, two similar and yng. BM. PNRP, London, W.C.1.

ARTIST-Teacher and scientist wife desire unfurnished partly furnished flat in London. Advance rent or sml. prem. Box 2802.

SEPT. 1: Two Cambridge grads. require s.c. furnished flat (Central London), 2 bedrms., sit., kitchen, bath. Box 2529.

YNG. married journalist (Socialist) urg. req. unf. flat N.W. W. Richmond. Box 2844.

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WANTED, garden flat or small house, furn., 'phone, cent. htg. pref., by cultured couple and infant child, St. John's Wood, Kens., Chelsea or W.1; 3 b.r., lge. lounge, &c., 1 yr. lease, under 8gns. Box 2696.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the Applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary to the Appointments Committee (who would also be a Deputy to the Secretary) at a salary within the range £900 to £1,100. The person appointed will be expected to interview students who desire to be registered with the Appointments Committee, to advise them on their careers and also to maintain close liaison with prospective employers. It is desirable that applicants should have had previous experience of this type of work and experience in industry would be an advantage. The appointment will date from November 1, 1952, or such later date as may be arranged. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom five copies of the application should be submitted not later than September 20, 1952. George P. Richardson, Assistant Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Economic History. The salary will be within the range of £650-£1,000 per annum (Australian) plus cost of living adjustment (£231 males and £175 females, as from August 1), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 2 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is September 15, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Resident Warden (single man) required for Needler Hall accommodating 68 men students, with duties as Secretary of the Appointments Board. Salary range £550 × £50—£700 with F.S.S.U. benefits. Further particulars from the Registrar, University College of Hull, to whom applications (six copies) should be sent not later than September 6, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant (male) for Swedish Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Swedish (as mother tongue) and English, ability to translate perfectly from English into Swedish and to read faultlessly in Swedish at microphone, experience in radio, teaching or journalism, and interest in British way of life. Candidates, who must be able to type, should state in which of following their special interests lie: politics, economics, industry and commerce, literature, radio and stage, science, and can submit newspaper articles or other evidence of their ability to write. Appointment not normally for more than three years. Salary £710 with prospects of promotion. Apply to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Swedish P.A. N.Stm." within 14 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Assistant (under 45 years old) in Central Staff Administration. Duties: to co-ordinate and conduct Trade Union negotiations and joint consultation concerning matters affecting all grades of staff (including manual) and to undertake general staff administration work. Essential qualifications: sound educational background, practical experience of negotiations and joint consultation, preferably in a large organisation, knowledge of industrial relations and proved ability in general administration in some responsible capacity. Salary £1,255, with 5 annual increments to £1,635 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.S.A. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Projects and Developments Section, Audience Research Department. This Section is not a part of the permanent establishment of the Department. A good general education is necessary with qualifications in mathematical statistics and preferably with experience in their application to market research and opinion surveys. Salary £415 (possibly higher if qualification exceptional) with five annual increments to £575 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.R. N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

REQUIRED, smart intelligent secretary, able correspondent working on own initiative. Jewish holidays. Write stating experience and salary required to Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

MATHEMATICS Mistress wanted September, resident post. Burnham Scale. Superannuation recognised. School of 110 girls, ages 11-17. Apply Headmistress, Southover Manor School, Lewes.

TELEVISION Service Engineer. London, N.W.1. Good position offered to capable man. State age & experience. Box 2750.

ANTIQUARIAN Bookseller requires Secretary; French essential. Box 2797.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MONMOUTHSHIRE Education Committee, Aberbargoed Youth and Community Centre. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Aberbargoed Youth and Community Centre. Applicants must be over 28 years of age and must possess a good Honours degree or a Social Science Diploma, and should have had experience in Community Centre work. For a suitably qualified person, the salary will be £375 × £15 to £630 (men), £338 × £15 to £504 (women). Additions may be made to this scale depending on the qualifications of the applicant. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Director of Education, County Hall, Newport, Mon.

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School for Girls, Drewstead Road, Streatham, S.W.16. (Within the Home Office Approved School system. This school is run on the house system, 12 girls in each group. The Managers invite applications for the post of (1) Resident Housemistress, who will be responsible for the recreational activities of the 14-15 age group. It is essential that applicants should be interested in the problems of the delinquent adolescent, and have had experience in handling this particular group. Applications are also invited for the post of (2) Resident Relief Housemistress for the 15-17 age group. Girls remain in the Classifying School for a short period for observation, when assessment is made of their abilities and aptitudes before they are passed on to a suitable Training School. Salary according to Home Office scale; with qualifications commencing £385, unqualified commencing £290 plus London allowance in both cases, less £78 for board residence. Apply with full particulars to the Headmistress.

RAINHILL Hospital, Rainhill, Near Liverpool. Applications are invited for a clinical Psychologist. The successful candidate will also be required to carry out duties at the Winwick (Warrington) Mental Hospital. Salary scale and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council for the Health Services Professional and Technical Council. Applicants must hold an honours degree in psychology of a University of England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland and have had at least one year of training in clinical psychology, either under a Senior Psychologist or at a recognised training course. The appointment will be subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations and subject to passing a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications and previous experience, together with copies of two recent testimonials, to reach the Medical Superintendent not later than August 19, 1952.

WHY not be a Tuberculosis Nurse? Do you know that you can become a fully trained Tuberculosis Nurse in two years and be paid during training an allowance of £205—£215 a year, plus dependant's allowance, and a special allowance of £60 on completion of two years' training. Full Tuberculosis Staff Nurse's salary (£302 10s.—£402 10s. a year) payable from date of passing final examination. Modern nurses' home with separate bedrooms and good recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to The Matron, The Bow Arrow Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Education Committee.—Applications invited for appointment of Club Leader at Amesbury to take charge of established Youth Club for boys and girls 14-20. Own premises. Recognized training and experience essential. Salary £420 to £494 p.a. Superannuable appointment subject to medical examination. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge. P. A. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the Editorship of an old-established literary Journal with considerable and growing sale at home and abroad. Experience as an Editor will be an advantage, but the Publishers will give careful consideration to applications from journalists who have held permanent staff posts and who are looking for much more responsibility. First-hand knowledge of book publishing trade will be an asset. Box 2771.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typists reqd. by progressive, rapidly expanding Chemical Manufacturing Company, situated in West Cumberland within easy reach of the most attractive Dales of the Lake District. Applicants must be well educated and possess good secretarial experience. Commencing salaries according to age and qualifications. Please write stating age and full particulars to Personnel Officer, Box 2652.

WORKING Housekeeper required by Teacher for care of house, two children (7 & 2.) Genuine home for person fond children. £3 10s. wk. Cambridge. Box 2799.

ARTIST/Art Master, with three children, school-age, requires housekeeper. Norwich. Box 2723.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

THEATRE worker (32), in view of present state of the profession, sks. other possibilities. Assets: tenacity & good response to difficult situations; an intelligent pr. of hands; an interrupted Univ. educ. Accustomed to executive responsibility. Box 2801.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T., free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

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YUGOSLAV Art Photography Exhibition at the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, W.1. July 16-August 15. 10.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Adm. free.

TWENTIETH Century Masterpieces. Arts Council Exhibition, The Tate Gallery. Open till August 17. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

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REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition, English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes August 31.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine and Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

YOUNG Painters of the Ecole de Paris. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till August 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

CHARLES Keene. An exhibition of drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till August 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 10 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GRAHAM Robertson and Others. Retrospective Exhibition, until Aug. 30, at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq., W.C.2.

NORTHBANK Artists Group. 1st Exhib. Aug. 12-26. Artists House, Manette St. (Charing X Rd.). 11 a.m.-6 p.m. incl. Sats.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"INSIDE Malan's S. Africa." Talk by Mike Mueller, S.A. Trade Unionist, & discn. Tues., Aug. 12. 8 p.m. 13 Chelsea Embankment (W. African Students Union) facing Fest. Gdns. Arr., by Int. Yth. Centre. 1s.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The War in Korea" by Lt.-Col. M. Nicholas Read. Collins. Thursday, August 14, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7.8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All Welcome. August 10: "Theosophy's Teaching on Reincarnation."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 16 at 6 p.m. Poetry Reading in 12 Languages.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WEEK-END Conference, High Leigh, W. Hoddesdon, Herts, Sept. 6-8. Discussions will be opened by J. H. Newsom: The Secondary Modern School; J. E. Appiah (Gold Coast) and Charles Njonjo (Kenya): The Development of African Nations; Hector Hawton: Modern Satirical Writing. Single rooms, incl. charge 32s. 6d. Full details from The Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Place, W.2.

SPIRITUAL Communist Congress on World Peace, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, Aug. 12-17, 8.15 p.m. Summer School on Non-violent Communism at same place, Aug. 12-16, 7 p.m. Progr.: Sec., Vedanta Movement, 51 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

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PERSONAL—continued

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